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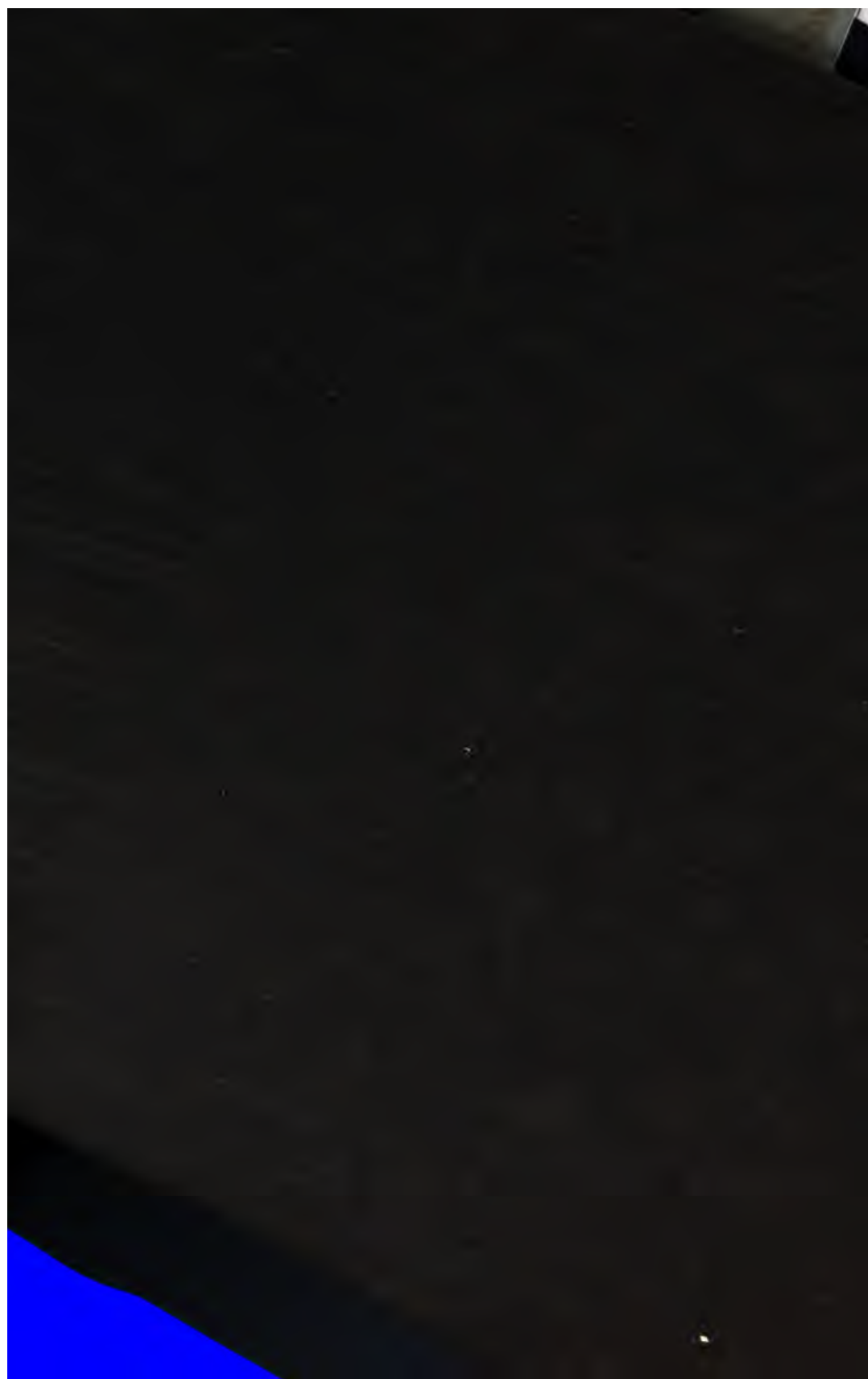


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Christmas stories for my sister's childr







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# CHRISTMAS STORIES

FOR MY SISTER'S CHILDREN.

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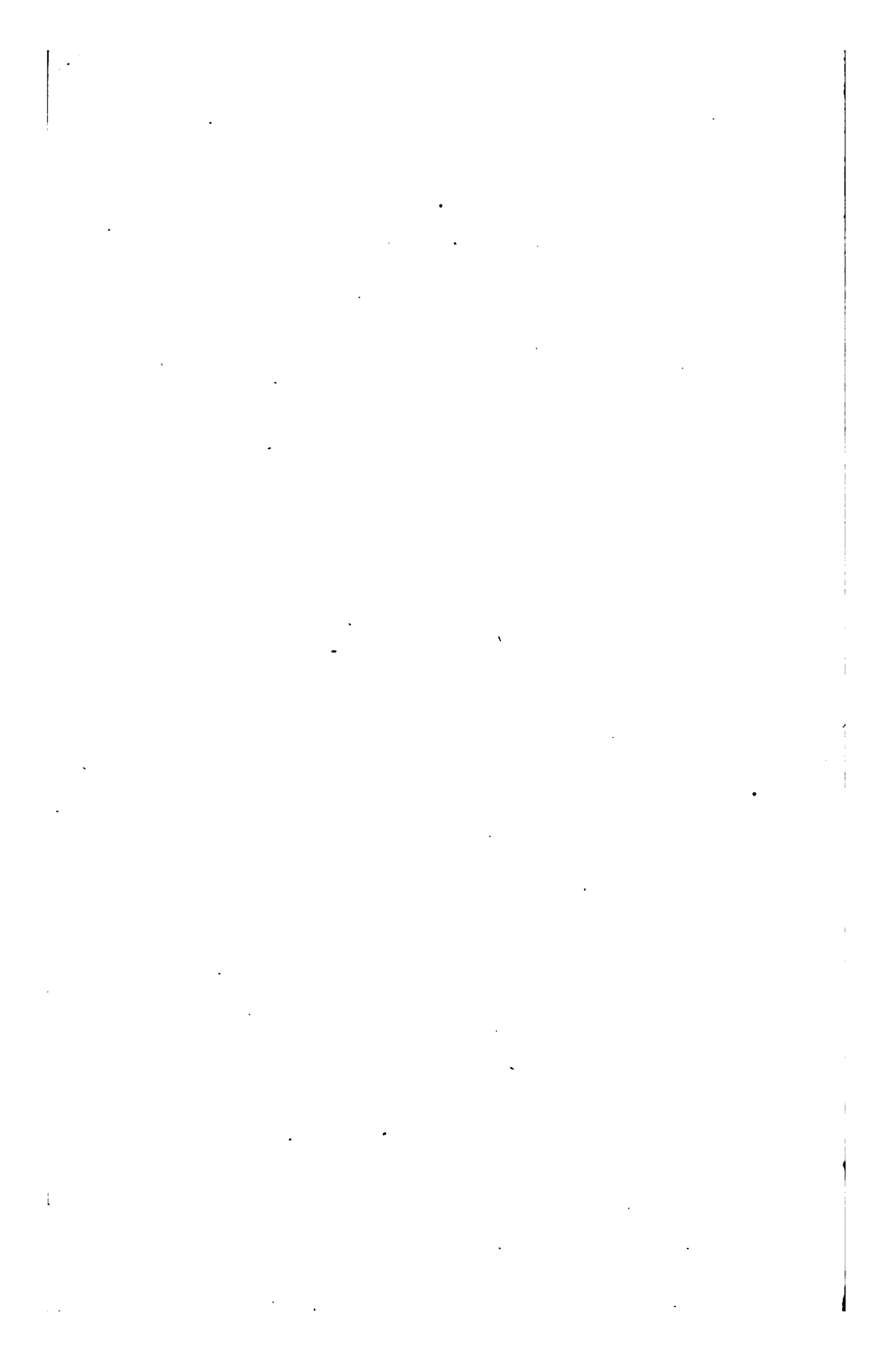
PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF A NOT  
UNEVENTFUL LIFE.

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ENTRE NOUS.

1878.





## P R E F A C E .

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In giving to his personal friends these experiences—which were originally intended for his sister's children only—the writer does not feel called upon to apologize for frequent use of the first personal pronoun. The great “I” must appear in narratives of this nature ; hence no excuse for it will be attempted.

He also hopes that the notes will not be too harshly criticised by those into whose hands they may chance to come ; but will, on the contrary, meet with leniency, even indulgence ; and lastly, he expects that they will be looked upon as of a strictly confidential nature.

It may be observed that the stories are placed according to date of occurrence.

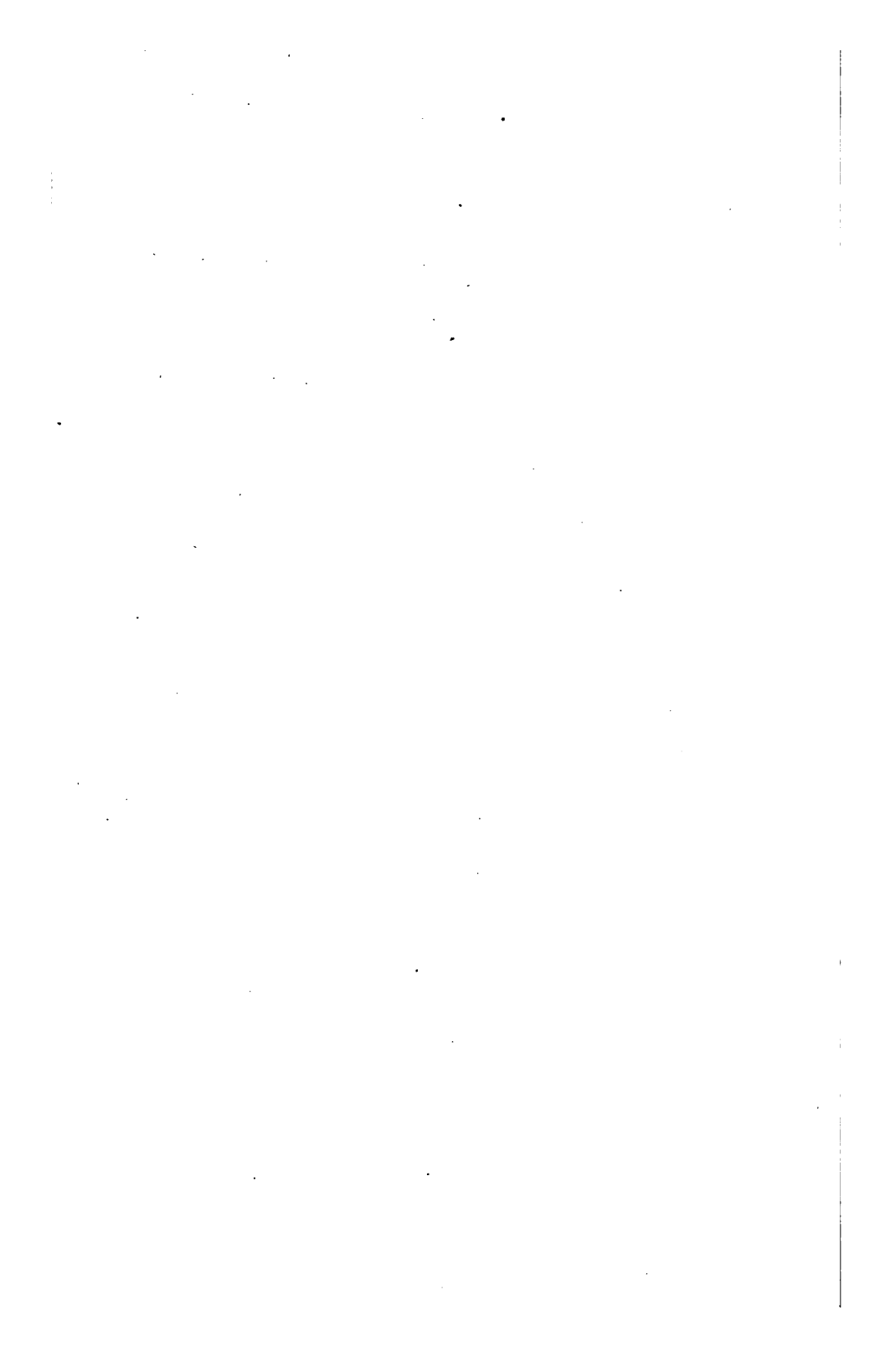


*To my Dear Nephews and Niece.*

During occasional visits at home, since entering upon the active pursuits of life, I have incidentally detailed to your mama and papa divers and sundry personal observations and experiences. No doubt they have been, in some respects, peculiar; in fact your mama with her blinded sisterly partiality has called them "interesting," and has frequently urged me to "put them upon paper" for your benefit.

As a lad at home, as a student (no, I never was that), as a *school-boy*, as a private soldier, as a line and staff officer, and as an official in various branches of the public service, my experiences have naturally been somewhat varied, and if I can narrate them properly they may amuse and perhaps benefit you. Time flies, and memory fails; hence, if I am ever to comply with your mother's request, it is better that I do so while yet details are fresh in my remembrance. With love, therefore, and with as much modesty as is consistent with egotism, I devote myself to the task of giving you, and perchance your children and children's children, a few leaves from the chapter of my somewhat chequered life.

YOUR AFFECTIONATE UNCLE.



# CHRISTMAS STORIES

FOR MY SISTER'S CHILDREN.

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Early in life, I satisfied myself that nature had not intended me for a cook. To that conclusion I was assisted by an experience in the frying of dough-nuts. I was exceedingly fond of these edibles, and when the cooking of them was going on, I always stood about for the stray ones the cook would give me. The whole process I had watched over and over again, until I considered myself master of the art of their manufacture. It came about that father, mother, and sister were away for some days, and I was left monarch of all I surveyed. A funeral occurred, and in that little village a funeral furnished not only an opportunity of paying one's last respects to the deceased, but an occasion for meeting one's friends, abusing one's enemies, and showing one's clothes. Such festive occasions as these, and circuses, the servant girls never failed to enjoy; and on the day in question, arrayed in their best, forth they sallied. Before leaving, the cook had completed the dough-nuts up to the "dough" state,

intending to fry them upon her return. I knew the girls were good for two hours absence, and no sooner had they departed, than I conceived the brilliant idea of doing a little culinary business on my own account. I had never absolutely gorged myself with dough-nuts, and to attain that state of fulness was a prospect which I gloated over. I knew where the porcelain-lined kettle of lard was kept, and forth from its hiding-place it was brought. To make it boil quickly, I fetched chips and small bits of wood, and soon had a rousing fire. It didn't boil, so I added more chips, but still no success. I then bethought me of a test of dropping in a little lump of dough. What this was a test of, or what aid it would afford, I hadn't the slightest idea, but knew it did something, and that something I fancied would develop itself. Well, it did! My expectations were more than realised. I never before knew that lard was not intended to boil; but I found it out as soon as the dough touched the hot liquid. Such a sputter and spatter as there was! The hot lard ran over the stove, and in an instant all was in a blaze. In my fright, I lifted the kettle by the iron-handle, and did not realise until half-way off the stove, that it was hot. Just at that unfortunate instant I did, and letting go my hold, most of the molten lard spread itself over the hemlock floor. It soon cooled and caked; but what should I do? I rushed for the garden hoe, and scraping it together, put back what I could into the kettle. This, however, didn't remove the grease-spot, and what to do I didn't know. I thought mopping would do the business; so off I went for mop, mop-pail, soap, and hot water. Vigorously did I mop, and if it were a success to distribute the grease all over the floor, certainly I succeeded. It

would get cold, however, and cake, and when I moved about the floor my head was in danger of being where my feet should be. I was in despair, and suddenly remembering a friend several miles distant, rushed frantically to the stable, saddled my pony, and, for several days, the places which generally knew me were deprived of my society. Your grandfather never tired of telling the joke upon me ; and, for years afterwards, the dough-nut story met me at every possible turn.



The pony mentioned reminds me of my first business transaction. Father had bought a pony for me, upon condition that I would take the entire charge of him. I jumped at the condition; Tom Thumb was to be absolutely, wholly mine—to keep, sell, nurse, care for or neglect, as I chose. He was a dear little fellow. In summer, my playmates and myself would go into the pasture, catch him, and one of us mount, without saddle or bridle, while the rest distributed themselves in the tall grass to frighten him when he came near them. These romps he would enjoy, for hours together, as much as we; and, in the winter, he would draw all our sleds up hill, and scamper after us as we rode down. Sometimes I took him to school, and left him in a convenient shed until noon-time. He was a great favourite. After two years or so, I tired of him, boy like, and wanted to sell. About that time, a man came through the village with a musical instrument called a dulcimer. It gave forth beautiful sounds, and *looked* easy to play. I was charmed with it, and offered to exchange my pony. The man was delighted, and upon the assurance that my father would allow me to do just as I pleased, we struck a bargain. The dulcimer was mine, and Tom Thumb was his! Alas! I very soon found that the dulcimer didn't suit me and I didn't suit the dulcimer. It got out of tune; it was too hard to learn; the music wasn't so sweet as formerly; in short, it got to be an old story. I suddenly conceived the notion that I could not be happy without

a set of studs and a watch chain ; and, an opportunity offering, I was glad to exchange the dulcimer for these articles. I was happy for a few weeks ; but a smell left upon my fingers, after handling them, opened my eyes to the fact that they were brass, and that I had been taken in. I determined to sell at once, for whatever I could get, and a confiding boy with a dog was the victim. The consequence was that the jewellery became his, and "Bob" became mine. I was now happy ; but my joy was of short duration. Dog-days came on ; "Bob" evinced unmistakeable signs of hydrophobia, and was shot. Thus ended my first series of commercial transactions.

Your grandfather was a great abolitionist, and when the South held slaves and the "Fugitive Slave Law" was in force, our house used to be one of the "Stations" of the "Underground Railway" as it was called, in other words, a place where runaway slaves were received, concealed, assisted, and forwarded to Canada. From my earliest recollection, I can remember black men coming and going in the most mysterious manner, appearing and disappearing from the scene, and even before I understood the law and the wrong, I knew that their advent and exodus were things not to be spoken of.

Upon one occasion I went with my father to Warsaw, the county seat, and upon our return I wondered why he had taken into the wagon so large a box and why he insisted upon driving himself all the twenty miles home. In answer to a question as to what the box contained he told me—"household furniture." We reached home after dark and being but a lad I was sent directly to bed. What was my astonishment to find next day that the contents of the box were a black woman and her girl-child, who had been brought in it all the way from Virginia, a good five hundred miles. The box had been passed from one "Station" to another, sometimes called one thing and sometimes another, but always successfully running the gauntlet of "slave hunters," even in slave territory.

They had many narrow escapes from detection however, of which I used never to tire of hearing them tell.

The mother is long dead, but Eliza, the daughter, and a boy born a few days after her arrival at our house, are still living in Wyoming county, so far as I know.

In my school-days, I was given more to mischief than to study; in fact, I was not built upon studious principles, and how to awaken in me a thirst for learning—a liking for study—was one of the thoughts of my father's life.

Your mother was at Elmira College when I took French leave of a private school in Toronto, and appeared before my father one evening, much to his disgust and discouragement. It was thought by your mother and your grandfather, that if a favourite professor of hers at Elmira could be induced to take me into his family, and under his private tutelage, she, at the same time being near to encourage me, a desirable effect might be produced. The professor was approached upon the subject; he and his wife consented, and I was soon settled in my new home at Professor Farrar's. Calling hours at the college were from four to six in the afternoon, and, at that time, I could see, or walk with my sister; and, as she generally had two, three, or four others with her, I could see and talk with them as well; and, as I gradually came to know more young ladies, I liked my quarters better and better. The German professor at the college also instructed me for an hour each day in German, and that gave me another chance each day for seeing the girls. I soon began to feel that I was in clover, for, as a boy about a Female College was altogether an anomaly—a manifest infringement of rules—they began to like it as well as I did. About this time an

observatory was completed upon one corner of the college grounds, and to that, he being the instructor in astronomy, Professor Farrar transferred his (and my) study. To this observatory the girls could come at any time, and the professor being a great favourite, they did come constantly, and I therefore constantly saw them. Gradually, I got to know nearly all the one hundred and seventy-five; and, always being partial to the female sex, I was as happy as the day was long. If the girls wanted any bon-bons—any oysters, or anything not allowed in the college—down they would rush to me, and, after dark, it would be put into a basket let down from their windows. Letters and messages I have also delivered between those who afterwards became husband and wife.

One day, the professor said—"Charlie, we are having some experiments in chemistry this morning at the college, and I should like you to see them, and help me as well." I went with delight; more experiments followed, then geological lectures; and finally, it came to my going regularly every morning with him, and staying until twelve or one. The girls were exceedingly kind to me; I tried to make myself agreeable to them; we became better and better friends, and soon I began to be included in their plans and initiated into their secrets. One expression when speaking of who should go here, or who should do that, was—"Charlie, and the rest of the girls!" I never fell in love with one of them, nor one of them with me. To be sure, they would sometimes forget that I was a boy; but I would take no notice of their *lapsus memoriæ*. They treated me like a brother; in fact, many of them call me so to this day. I became identified with the

then junior-class, and was elected to one of their secret societies. I was allowed to walk with them as they went in procession to Ely's Hall, to attend each lecture of the winter's course, and everyone in Elmira at once asked who I was. "Miss Shepard's brother," they were told; "he lives with Professor Farrar, and is just like one of the girls among them." This made me well known at once, and the girls enjoyed it as well as I. When I went into the town, the young men used sometimes to try pumping me concerning this or that young lady, and although I occasionally crammed these young men, I *never* was unfaithful to the girls. Many an oyster supper have I been given for the purpose of getting some secret out of me about the girls, and while I took in the oysters I took in the fellows as well, and then rushed back to tell the girls all about it and have a good laugh. To one particular private entertainment, at the college, one of the lady teachers objected to my going, so the girls hid me behind an elevated sofa, upon which two of the professors actually sat during the performance. Practical jokes without number we used to play upon each other; one upon me being the sewing of all my neckties into the flagree work of my dressing-table, my shirts and trousers sharing the same fate. I paid them back weeks afterwards, by getting for them, at their request, a lot of little round cakes, which they purchased to luxuriate in at a midnight feast. All impatiently waited for the hour, stole to the room which was their rendezvous, and, with mouths ready, each seized one of the delicate morsels to find that the bottoms of the whole of them had been soaked in aloes. I might multiply these jokes indefinitely; but the above serve as samples. One

day, about six months after my arrival, and when just in the height of my glory, a messenger came to the observatory to say that President Cowles wished to see me in his study. Oh, heavens! but I was frightened. I thought it was a case of "go," for I knew that one of the lady teachers didn't like to have me about. I went with fear and trembling. The president received me kindly, even cordially; called me "Charlie;" asked how I got on with my studies, and showed me some of his drawings. I felt this was only to soften my *conge*; and when he said, "Charlie, I want to ask a favour of you!" the cold chills ran over me, as I was sure that "favour" was to let places which then knew me, know me no more for ever. He continued: "Mr. Benjamin," (that was the steward), "you know, is getting old, and being up at night affects him more than anything else, and I want to ask if you would mind, when any of the young ladies have to go or come by night-trains, escorting them to and from the station, and looking after their luggage. Here is a key to the south door; we trust you, and shall feel greatly obliged." Oh! what a load rolled off my heart. I *submitted* to this *great hardship* during the remainder of my stay, and I won't say that sometimes we didn't take "the farthest way round" as "the surest way home." At the close of each collegiate year, Professor Farrar was in the habit of taking the geology-class upon a geological trip, and this trip I was invited to join. I looked after the bills and the luggage, and the girls looked after me most carefully. If busy, something nice was saved for me; and if tired, they would put me on a couch, and all sit round. What a glorious trip! I was at the college but a year. Never did a boy have a better time; never



did a boy have better friends : God bless those girls ! I think they were the saving of me. I was the first and the last male at the Female College ; and when I visit it now, as I always do when I go to Elmira, I find that traditions of me are handed down ; and, upon my last visit, President Cowles remarked—" Let me see, Charlie ; which was your class ?"

The year I left the College I became a soldier, Elmira being a rendezvous during the war, and I was the envy of the whole camp, because of the visits and goodies I was continually receiving from the girls of " my class." They graduated a few months afterwards ; a diploma (of their own making) was sent me, and I still retain my membership of the class of which I have since been president one year. Thus ended one of the pleasantest episodes of my life.

Before any of you were born there commenced, and before Charlie can remember there ended, the greatest civil war known in the history of the world. It is called "The Great Rebellion," and will no doubt be regarded by you very much as the "Revolution" is looked upon by your parents and myself—as a dream or a tale of fiction. In fact, at this distance—seventeen years—I begin to feel that it was a sort of nightmare, and can hardly realise that I actually took an humble part in so sanguinary a struggle. Let the ebb tide of Time carry its passions still further away from us until they reach the mid-ocean of forgiveness, forgetfulness, and oblivion. To commence with, I must say that I never (to my knowledge) performed any particular act of heroism. I never killed anyone, and no one ever killed me. I never liked to fight—never did if I could avoid it—and although I *believe* I never actually ran away from a battle, I *know* I never ran towards one. Shame, stronger than fear itself, keeps many a soldier from showing timidity, and although moral courage cannot destroy physical cowardice, yet moral bravery may often give birth to physical valour.

The 12th of April, 1861, flashed to the country the startling news— "Fort Sumpter fired upon!" On the 14th, after a gallant defence of thirty-five hours, Major Anderson surrendered to the rebels, and, on the 18th, President Lincoln made a call upon the States for 75,000 men. My blood, like that of hundreds of

thousands of others, had been boiling for days and weeks, and without making my determination known, I had resolved that, if troops were called for, I should volunteer.

The proclamation came by the evening's post, and by the first train in the morning I was off to enlist. I hardly knew what method to adopt in acquainting your grandfather with my action, from fear that he would veto it, but upon presenting myself to him, I simply said—"Father! I have been to Buffalo."

How well I remember the look the *dear, noble* man gave me. He knew what I meant, no explanations were needed. He took my hands in one of his, laid the other upon my shoulder and attempted to speak, but internal agony and emotions were too much for him, his lip trembled, his eyes filled, and without a word he turned from me and walked away. What your mother's feelings were she can best tell you. Your father, at my request, introduced me to General (then Captain) Root, and I at once became a member of his Company "A" of the 74th, for three months service.

In a day or two it transpired that matters were so serious that all men accepted by the government must be mustered in "for two years unless sooner discharged," to which not a man objected, and we were *resworn* as the "21st N. Y. Volunteers." By this time I had formed some congenial acquaintances, among whom you know only Mr, Walter J. Gibson, and with them I joined Company "C," General (then Captain) Rogers' Company. May 3rd, the day we, the first regiment, left Buffalo, will never be forgotten by those who experienced it. The feeling of your mother, your grandfather, and your father (and the love of the latter

has always been to me as an own brother's) were only the feelings of the friends of the rest of the regiment, and they alone can describe them. *I* was leaving them without an anxiety for their safety—*they* were committing an only son and brother to the fortunes of war. I have always had a curiosity to know just what were the emotions of the friends who sent those most dear to them down to the harvest of death. *Their* courage and fortitude must have exceeded *ours*, for do we not all prefer to undergo peril and danger ourselves rather than submit those we love to it? We were all excitement, anticipation, and patriotism, but that we should ever come *really* face to face with death I hardly think any of us realized.

From the Arsenal on Broadway we marched to Main Street, down Main Street to Exchange, and down Exchange to the Erie depot. Bouquets, cheers and blessings greeted us on every side, and the streets were literally lined with flags and waving handkerchiefs.

The last good-byes were said, the last hands wrung, but *not* the last tears shed, and we were off for Elmira. There we remained in camp for a month or more, undergoing drill and organization. At last an order came for Washington, and the journey thence was one continued ovation. Older ladies vied with each other in contributing to our comfort, and younger ladies showered smiles and compliments upon us.

Washington reached, we were assigned to the upper portion of an unoccupied store in Pennsylvania Avenue, between 6th and 7th streets, and being too little room inside, some were obliged to sleep outside on the pavement. I was one of the "flag-stone holders," as the "outs" were facetiously called, but

from choice I believe, for the inside was unbearably hot. I remember it particularly, as it was the first of my really roughing it. I have looked at the place hundreds of times since, but never without a smile, and I hope sometime to point it out to you, and perhaps ride with you to the sites of the old camps and over the old battle grounds. Next day we went into camp at Kalorama, and from thence, to garrison Fort Runyan, at the Virginia end of the Long Bridge. This fort we held at the battle of Bull Run, (July 21st,) so unfavourably known in history. All day we heard the cannon, and being my first experience I remember it as vividly as though it were but yesterday. We stood upon the ramparts the greater portion of the day anxiously waiting for news, hoping, yet half fearing.

The first tidings were favourable and our hats went high in air, but scarcely had they come down when our exultations were changed to melancholy. Senators, Members of Congress, and other civilians who had gone out "to see the fun," came flying back in fright and disorder. By midnight, the disorganized and demoralized troops came pouring into the fort—some without hats or guns—officers without swords or coats. Unaccustomed to war, a *retreat* then meant a *rout* and men threw away whatever encumbered them. With all the solemnity of the occasion, I could not help laughing, but my tune changed when about noon of the 22nd, orders came to "fall in" and march to the front to meet the enemy and cover the retreat. Whew! How my blood tingled. To be a "defender of the country," "a bulwark to the people's liberties," had *up to that time*, been a very fine thing, but when *we* were ordered out to be shot, I for one felt as if a *very*

*little* "defender" and "bulwark" business would go a long way, and that the rebels needn't put themselves to any inconvenience and advance simply to gratify my curiosity and give me an opportunity to show my valour. I felt that the last named article would *keep* and that my curiosity could *wait*. But seriously, that march of five or six miles was most trying. The look of the retreating troops was enough to dishearten more resolute soldiers than ourselves, and their exaggerated and extravagant stories magnified themselves three-fold in our lively imaginations. "They are coming!" "The Black Horse Cavalry are just over that hill!"—"You can't stop 'em, the woods are full of them!"—and such like cheering assurances met us on every side, and still we went silently on. *How* we did it I cannot now understand; but we did. No one felt like fun making. Songs were left unsung and jokes unperpetrated. We reached the Orange and Alexandria Railway (the point to which we were ordered) without meeting the enemy; pickets were thrown out, and we immediately began to erect defences. I shall never forget the horrors of that night. Two men were put upon each picket post, and the stirring of a leaf was enough to bring my gun to my shoulder and send cold chills chasing each other down my spinal column. Now and then a shot would be heard, and each time I was sure the enemy was upon us. I never expected to see daylight; but I did nevertheless, and when we came to reconnoitre, it was ascertained that not a "Reb" was within ten miles of us. The fact was that the Confederates were as badly whipped as ourselves, only we found it out first, and saved their running by running ourselves. We were as jolly and brave as possible

directly we found there was no danger, and at once fell to plundering the deserted camp of an Ohio regiment. The owners had hastily left, and forgotten to come back. Perhaps they lost their way, but if so they were not the only ones who did the same thing. We helped ourselves to sugar, coffee, bacon, and blankets, and I believe Captain Remington now has a pair he "borrowed" upon that occasion. I also "accumulated" a couple, but soon traded them with a darkie for sweet cakes and water melons. We very soon succeeded in convincing ourselves that we never had been frightened, and in a commendably short space of time regained our pride in being the "Defenders of the Constitution." We remained upon this line for three or four days and returned to our old quarters at Fort Runyan, wiser men and better soldiers. One great thing this expedition did for us—it gave to each officer and man his standing and character as a soldier: as a coward or a brave man. I will not go into particulars, for they might not be *personally* flattering; but suffice it to say that all felt satisfied that we were in the hands of a brave, true, and capable Colonel. The Major and some others, who were "taken ill," I prefer to forget. They were *few*, I am glad to say. In September we moved to Arlington Heights, where we were placed in Wadsworth's brigade of McDowell's corps—McClellan commanding the army. Here we remained until October, when an advance was made to Upton Hill, where we went into camp for the winter. We had nothing but tents, and generally four of us in a tent; hence, as cold weather came on, we found the exposure almost unbearable. In the woods, a mile away,

we cut logs as large as we could carry, and lugging them on our shoulders, built log-houses four and five feet high, and put the tent over the top for a roof. By this and by filling the cracks with mud the cold wind was, to a great extent, kept out. The next question was as to how we should warm the tents. This we accomplished by digging a trench, about a foot deep, almost the entire length of the tent, and extending it for two or three feet outside. This outer end we made a chimney of by putting two barrels, one on top of the other, while the trench inside we covered with large flat stones. We were obliged to provide our own wood, and as we had to carry it a mile or more on our backs, you may depend upon it not a bit was wasted. It was legitimate plunder wherever found, and the effort to steal each others fuel caused many a funny incident and adventure. I have been many a time half the night on guard, if we happened to have a good pile; or if our supply chanced to be a little low, prowling about seeking what I might devour. Without going into particulars, I think I can safely say that taking the winter altogether we didn't come out behind.

By putting a blanket over the chimney of a tent, the smoke would pour out of the mouth of the trench, driving everyone before it. This my comrades and I tried once upon a neighbouring tent—we pulling up the *rear* of the tent and stealing their wood, under cover of the smoke, while the inmates were discussing (and *cussing*) the cause at the *front*. Neither this nor any other game would work more than once, and we were continually racking our brains for new devices.

I was company clerk, and in ordinary camp life had little use for my gun, consequently it was generally



rather rusty, and when Sunday morning inspection came, it not unfrequently found me with a dirty gun, and I remember going upon one occasion into poor Britton's tent (he who kept the house fires last winter) and "borrowing" his bright musket, leaving him to wonder and grumble over my dirty one. What with frequent false alarms, useless advances, picket duty and drill, the winter passed slowly away, and March came. In February I came home on leave of absence, but returned just in time to participate in McClellan's advance upon the "Quaker Guns," as they were called, at Centreville. The "Rebs" had taken away all the real guns from their forts and put painted wooden ones in their stead, and thus McClellan was completely befooled. I remember our cautious advance, in constant expectation of the *terrible* slaughter which must come when these guns opened upon us; but ne'ery a slaughter. The "Rebs" retreated as we advanced, changing to another and more favourable base, leaving us the mortification of having been held in check with wooden guns. With shame and confusion of face we marched back to Alexandria, where we went into camp, while McClellan made preparations for embarking a large portion of the army for the Peninsula.

Here an incident occurred which probably changed the whole course of my life. It was a visit from your grandfather. We were in camp at Munson's Hill, or "Fort Skedaddle" as it was oftener called, when your grandfather thought he would see for himself what the hardships of the bivouac were, and one warm, beautiful, seductive April evening, at about five o'clock, he arrived in camp. Colonel Rogers had heard of his

coming, and, being a prominent man in Western New York, father was received very graciously. The colonel invited him to dine at the officers' mess—he saw dress parade, and afterwards the interesting din and stir consequent upon the getting of the soldiers' suppers. That peculiar, delicious, smoky haze of a balmy spring evening hung over the camp; the band discoursed sweet music at "retreat," and, like an echo, from scores of camps around, came similar "retreats" from other bands and drum corps. The dreamy smoke of camp-fires—the men flitting gaily here and there like bees—the snatch of song which fell upon the ear, and anon the bugle-call—all tended to charm and intoxicate, and after a very pleasant evening, made thus by attentions from the officers and my own friends, father retired to a small shelter tent which had been kindly placed at his disposal by then Lieutenant, now Captain Remington, and, as I bid him good-night, he remarked to me—"My son, this camp life is not so bad as it is made out to be, and makes me feel so young and patriotic that I am almost inclined to go into the army myself." I smiled inwardly and replied—"Oh, yes, its a *charming* life." He didn't notice my chuckle, nor did he observe what we had come to catch from constant study—the boding of a storm. He pulled off his boots, put them just at the foot of the little tent, and, bidding me good-night again, laid himself upon half-a-dozen blankets, which several of my friends deprived themselves of to make the good man comfortable. He didn't understand that part of it though. He fancied we all had the same, and in that belief he fell asleep. Accustomed to these storms, and knowing full well that we should ere long be drowned out, we still threw ourselves down to

a mile before he said—"My son, I'm not tired, but being unaccustomed to carrying a gun it hurts my shoulder, and I guess you had better take it." With a smile, which I hid from him, I said—"All right, father," and took the gun. Half a mile further on he ejaculated—"I don't want this peskey mistletoe anyhow," and away it flew. Another mile and he had "no use" for the fancy cane, and still further on his interest in the sword began perceptibly to wane. He proposed to part with it, but knowing that once at Washington he would really value it, I suppressed a smile, and said—"I'll take it, father," and he handed it over without an objection. Tired, wet, and muddy, we reached the Alexandria boat, and not a word did he say all the way to Washington. When we arrived at the landing he was so stiff he could hardly get up, but managed it after a while, and the street cars took us to Willard's. The stairs he finally laboured up, and reaching his room, he sank into the nearest chair, placed his hands upon his open knees, and looking at me in a half serious, half comical way, with a subdued, demoralised expression which I shall never forget, he exclaimed with emphasis—"Well! when you catch me in camp again you'll know it." That tableau is engraven on my memory. I laughed until my sides were sore, and, with his ready appreciation of the ridiculous, for which he was remarkable, he heartily joined. A good night's rest took the most of the stiffness out of his joints, and when he bid me good-bye, two days later, he said—"You shan't stop in the ranks many days longer." He was as good as his word. To Albany he went direct, and in two weeks Governor Morgan sent me a commission as "Second Lieutenant,

—nd New York Volunteers.” It reached me at Catlett’s Station, and the following morning, bidding the old 21st good-bye, I started for Washington to take up my commission. But for the rain, father would have gone away from camp with the idea that a soldier’s life was an enviable one, and probably I should have had no commission—should perhaps have been killed, or at least would have been thrown into an entirely different sphere in life. You see, therefore, what little things may change our whole existence. At Manassas Junction, on my way to Washington, we were for thirty-six hours cut off by the rebel cavalry, and I had nothing to eat but molasses, cakes, and sardines. Fancy the mixture ! Sweets have had no attraction for me since. I reached Alexandria in the night, and, having no countersign, was sent to the guard-house, and it was half-an-hour before I remembered that I was an officer, and entitled to the word. When this dawned upon me I was not long in communicating with the officer of the guard, who, upon sight of my commission, gave me the countersign, and off I went to the City Hotel. The next morning I proceeded to Washington, and not a bit of grass did I allow to grow under my feet until I had ordered my lieutenant’s uniform—sword, sash and all—with shoulder-straps which made up in size what I lacked in rank. With these I felt that I owned Washington, and that everybody was looking at me. One time I would emerge from my room with sword, sash, belt, and gauntlets, as you may see me in a photograph your mother has ; and again I would come out in fatigue jacket and white cotton gloves, and if no one else admired me, I admired myself in every store window I passed. Sometimes I would stop before a particularly fine plate-glass, and passers-by thought (if

they thought anything about it) that I was contemplating what was exposed for sale ; I knew that I was simply approving of myself, nor did I see a thing in the window but my own reflection. That filled *my* eye completely. General Wadsworth, of Geneseo, was the Provost Marshal General, and to him I applied for the location of my regiment. I found it was Colonel T——'s regiment of G——'s Brigade, Sedgwick's Division, Summers' Corps, McClellan's Army of the Peninsula. Armed with this direction and a pass on a Government steamer, I embarked at Alexandria, and down the Potomac I went. At about two o'clock of a hot May afternoon, we arrived at a place called City Landing. Nothing was to be seen but huge piles of Quartermaster's stores, hundreds of army waggons and corduroy roads leading into the woods in different directions. The army was in front of Yorktown ; so putting my valise into an army waggon belonging to G——'s Brigade, and strapping my sword, haversack, and canteen on to myself, I started, with a lot of other officers, for the front. After walking three or four miles, guideboards began to make their appearance, directing to the different corps. A few officers were going to my corps, and on we trudged together. Soon we separated for our different divisions and brigades, and I was left by myself. Asking the first sentry where I would find G——'s Brigade, he pointed the direction, and I made for it. Arriving at the place he had indicated, I asked for the —nd New York.

"No such regiment in this brigade," was the reply.

"What regiments are there?" I asked.

"The —st Minn., —th Mass., —th N. Y., and —nd N. Y. Militia."

"You are sure this is G——'s Brigade?" I enquired.

"Yes, and Sedgwick's Division, but there is no —nd N. Y. in *this* corps I know," said the sentry. Here was a fine state of affairs. In the midst of an army of strangers and not able to even *hear* of my regiment. I could ask at Brigade Head Quarters, the sentry suggested. I did so, but the Assistant Adjutant General knew of no such regiment.

"General Wadsworth must have been mistaken," said this officer consolingly, "for I have a list of all the regiments in McClellan's army, and there is no such N. Y. number." He was sorry for me, but what good was that? I was sorry for myself, so far as that went, but the thing was what to do? As I turned away, I heard the clerk say something about the "—nd Militia," and in an instant the officer called me to come back while he looked at some new instructions. I did so, and he found that orders had that day been received from Washington, giving the title of "—nd N. Y. Volunteers" to the old —nd Militia. That cleared the matter up at once and the camp was pointed out to me. Before leaving however, the Adjutant suggested that all Militia Regiments disliked very much to have the names of their organizations changed, and thought it would be advisable to take the figures out of my cap for they were rather an ugly Irish Regiment, and the new number might make me trouble. I accepted the suggestion, remembering however that I had "Lieutenant C. O. S——, Junior, —nd N. Y. Volunteers" painted in large letters on the end of my valise, and if they wouldn't like the number on the cap I wondered how they would like it on the valise? Up

to this time I had entertained no doubts as to the importance of my position, and I had fancied that to see my straps would be to respect me. By the time I had convinced myself that this *might* not be the case, I had arrived at the regiment, and passing the guard house, made directly for the commanding officer's tent. This we always knew from its position. On the way, I came across a feature of my new regiment which was rather surprising, to say the least. It was a ring of officers and men shouting, in Irish brogue, and in such a way as to convince me that a "little mill" or fight was going on inside. Men and officers mixing together to cheer a fight, and within the regimental lines too? "Gracious goodness," said I to myself, "what sort of a place have I gotten into?" It was about four o'clock and very hot, and I found the flaps of the Colonel's tent turned up, and inside I could see a man lying on a camp bed in his shirt sleeves and with a newspaper before his face. I scratched on the canvas of the tent (the way of knocking), and from behind the paper a gruff voice said—"What d'ye want?" I stepped just inside, took off my cap but he did not move his paper. At length I said—"Is this Colonel T——s?" He jerked the paper to one side, turned into a sitting position and replied with more force than elegance—"Not by a G—d d—n sight, he's in jail, G—d d—n him." A red, bloated, brutal face was revealed to me, and I stood for a few seconds at a loss as to what to do, he at the same time bending a pair of bloodshot eyes and a decidedly displeased expression upon me.

"May I ask your name, sir?" said I modestly.

"Oh h—l yes, you may *ask* for all I care."

"What I wish to ascertain, is who might be in command?"

"I can't tell you who in h—l *might* be in command, but I know d—d well who *is*. I am, by G—d.

"Then, sir, I would like to know your name and rank," said I.

"My name and rank is none of your G—d d—d business that I know of," he answered, and to reading he went again. By this time I was pretty thoroughly frightened, and wished myself anywhere else, and my commission in the moon. A lot of rough-looking brutes, attracted by the conversation began to gather around, and for a young, smooth-faced stripling of a boy, the situation presented but few attractions. At length, I summoned up courage to say—"I have official orders to the commanding-officer of this regiment, and I must know his name and rank." "Well, d—n it, I am Lieut.-Colonel H——— commanding, where the h—ll are your orders?" He laid down his paper, and stuck out his hand, in which I placed my orders as second Lieutenant of Co. "B." "Just what I thought, G—d d—n it! You're another of those hell-fired useless fools that that d—d ass of a Governor has been sending down here. You a second Lieutenant? Why, you G—d d—d little runt, you ain't fit for a gun-swab! I don't want you, G—d d—n you! Take your d—d orders back to the Governor, and tell him, G—d d—n him, that I can fill my own offices, and that he had better get a new set of brains pumped into his d—d fool head. Tell him that I don't keep no nursery. I hain't got no bottles to bring up children on. Get out of this; I hain't got no use for ye." During this loud, unexpected, unheard-of tirade I had stood transfixed; but as



he concluded, my fear gave way to anger, and anger to rage. My young blood leaped, and my spirit was so roused that I felt equal to anything. I saw that backing down meant disgrace, if not violence. I knew that I was entirely right and he entirely wrong. I knew that my honour, hence that of my family, was at stake. I saw that he wanted to drive me away, and knew that if he could frighten me out of camp he had but to report me "absent without leave" to have me dismissed. I saw it was "sink or swim," "fish or cut bait," and my resolve was taken. I felt that I would sooner die then and there, than be disgraced. Every particle of fear left me, and I felt that I weighed a ton. I knew he had been guilty of "conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman," that shown to any court-martial would dismiss him a dozen times over. I thought I saw that by driving me away he fancied he was gaining the approval of the regiment to such an extent that, in case of a court-martial, the one or two hundred standing around would swear black was white. That supposition was not very complimentary to the morals of the regiment; but subsequent acquaintance proved not only my conclusions to be correct, but showed that the Colonel had a just and proper appreciation of their morality; for if there ever was a set of blackguards outside of "Billy Wilson's Zouaves," that regiment had them. The way they would steal, and lie, and fight, and fight, and lie, and steal, was a caution. I must do them the credit of saying, however, that they would fight the enemy as stubbornly as any regiment I ever saw. But I am digressing. I also fancied that this man took me for the son of some rich gentleman, or influential politician, who had gotten me appointed out of favouritism; that

I had seen no service, and that I knew as little of soldiering as he did of preaching. I swelled with rage, and it seemed that for very anger my eyes would jump from my head. I started a step forward, and my tongue unloosened. Abuse, hard words, epithets came to me like water to a pump, and I poured them out as freely. Such nouns as "knave," "scoundrel," "coward," "loafer," and "blackguard," I presented him with by the dozen, and, when out of that part of speech, drew liberally upon the interjections, verbs, adverbs and adjectives. I told him he was neither a gentleman, an officer, nor a soldier, that I was justified in paying him back in his own dirty coin, and wound up by assuring him that as he didn't seem to know to whom he was talking, it should be my first great pleasure to let him know through my friend General Sumner, and in a way which he wouldn't soon forget; advising him, in the meantime, to pack his little "kit," as he wouldn't be in command of the regiment at midnight. I need not add that this last was a piece of consummate "cheek" on my part, for General Sumner didn't know me from any other subaltern; but something had to be done, and I was not disappointed in the effect of my little piece of stratagem. I was half way through the crowd of ruffian men and officers before he recovered himself enough to call—"Come back here, boy." I turned and said, "What do you want?" "Come here, come here, d—n your impudent little soul, come here; it won't do you no good to go to General Sumner. I and all my men would swear your story was a d—d lie." From the tone, I *thought* this was a feeler, and as it was "neck or nothing," I said—"You will see, sir, that in *that* quarter my little finger has more weight

than your entire carcass, or the whole of your regiment. You'll know me better next time you see me," and on I started.

"Come back," he said again, "and I'll see if the Captain wants you." Turning, and walking straight up to him, I said—"Colonel H——, I care not one straw whether you or the Captain want me. I know my rights and I know how to get them. I'll have them too, in spite of you and your whole crew; and although it would serve you right if I used the power I have, still, if within five minutes you assign me to duty I shall go no further; if not, I will waste no more words with you, but as sure as there is a heaven, I will secure speedy justice for myself and hasty disgrace for you. Make no mistake Sir, for I am granting you a favour. I hold you between my fingers, I ask nothing of you, and, on the contrary, I defy you. Put that in your pipe and smoke it." All this time I looked him straight in the eye and I could see that he was alarmed. "Orderly," said he, "call Captain B——." Off the orderly started, and in two or three minutes up came a tall, lean man with a rough, but otherwise not bad looking face. "Captain B——," said the Colonel, "here's a saucy d—d infant the Governor has sent you to bring up. He holds a commission as second Lieutenant in your Company—you may take him and be d—d to him." I was satisfied that, although he kept up his bravado to impress the men, he was pretty thoroughly frightened; and as I wasn't anxious to carry my subterfuge any further, feeling that I had put upon it about all it would bear, I made up my mind to let well enough alone. Thus was I introduced to my Captain! He gave me a cold vacant stare, and I gave

him another in return. At length he said, "This way," and off we started. The crowd laughed and jeered, and the only thing approaching a compliment I caught was just as I passed without the circle. It was from a bull-headed sergeant, and these were his refined words: "Be gorry, I believe the spalpeen will fight." Well, I confess I felt more like it then than I ever did again, and it was afterwards insisted that I turned like a young tiger, and said something about fighting the whole lot of them. I don't remember it, but the Colonel and Captain always persisted in saying that I did. But joke or no joke, I never did feel so desperate, *never*; and if I didn't *say* it, I *felt* it. I think I could have fought a stone wall.

Captain B—— sullenly took the lead and I as sullenly followed. Not a word passed until we reached the company street (camps are laid out in company streets), when he bluntly said—"Here's the company," and turning on his heel started toward his tent. "Where is my tent Captain?" said I. He gave a grim, malicious sort of a smile and answered as he entered his, "I don't furnish tents." I couldn't dispute that. There I was, in my company to be sure, but alone, with a lot of brutal faces sneering at me, and without cover for my head. My blood was too hot to falter, and knowing that the Quarter Master was the person charged with furnishing supplies, I made my way to his tent and found him quietly smoking his pipe. I made my wants known, to which he replied—"I don't know you, and I can't give you a tent without the Colonel's order." I asked if he could make himself acquainted with me to the extent of a pen and a bit of paper. These he gave me, and making out a requisition in proper form I started for the Colonel's tent. Upon entering, I was greeted with—"Well, what the h—l do you want now?"

"Well, the —— I want a tent now," I meekly (?) replied, "and here is a requisition which I will thank you to approve." "Approve and be d—d," said the pious commander, "I hain't got no tent for you." "That being the case you will oblige me by so writing across the face of the requisition," said I.

"No, I'll be d—d if I will," ejaculated the angelic Colonel. "And I'll be hanged if you don't do one thing or the other," was my saintly rejoinder. "It seems, sir, that you know as little of the duties of a soldier as you do of the habits of a gentleman, and as I happen to know *my* rights and *your* rights, *my* duties and *your* duties, I shall proceed to teach them to you in a way that will prevent their slipping your memory. I ask — I *demand* of you to 'approve' or 'disapprove' that requisition, and be quick about it too. I'm getting you where I want you now. Speaking of 'rights' and 'duties,' allow me to mention to you the title of a book concerning the requirements of which, you seem to be in blissful ignorance, but one which you will have cause to remember before I have done with you. I refer to the Army Regulations."

He knew he was wrong—he knew my rights, but his hope was in my ignorance. I guessed his "little game," and seeing that I was firm, he sullenly and unwillingly took the requisition from me and wrote "approved" across its face. "To avoid the unpleasant possibility of another visit, Colonel, I will thank you to give orders to the pioneers to put the tent up," said I. He looked at me to see that I was in earnest, and growling something, which I couldn't, and didn't try to understand, he gave the order. The tent was soon up, the trench dug about it, and that was all. Not a thing was inside it, and its position was as little desirable as possible. I knew I had no right to order any one to bring boughs, so off I trudged to the wood and soon returned with an arm full which I arranged into a

bed. The drum sounded for dress parade. "Thank heaven," I said to myself, "I can't be called upon to do duty for twenty-four hours." Oh, vain delusion! I hadn't yet fully learned those with whom I had to deal.

The Captain from the outside called—"Lieutenant Shepard, get ready for dress parade." At first I thought to refuse and stand upon my rights for twenty-four hours freedom, but I was not entirely satisfied as to whether that was a *right* or only a *custom*, and thinking it better to do too much than too little, I obeyed the order. As I took my own position in rear of the first platoon, I saw a man in the first lieutenant's place with unmistakable marks of sergeant's chevrons upon his arm, shewing that he had only lately risen from orderly.

"This," said I to myself, "is the fellow whose nose I have broken, and he whom the Colonel had intended for my place. But, of course, he has no commission, and if not, I rank above him, and must at once assert my rights, for if I give these fellows an inch they will take an ell." Without a second's delay, I walked to the front of the company, where the Captain was standing, and said—"Captain B——, is that gentleman acting as first lieutenant a *commissioned* officer?" "What's that to you, sir," he replied; "you are *second* lieutenant, and all I want of you is to take your position and obey orders, I'll attend to the rest. Your own rank is enough for you to know." The men tittered, the fellow of whom I had been speaking grinned, and the Captain swelled with the consciousness of having settled me. Again my blood was at fever heat, and to yield I knew was to lose all; so looking him straight in the eye, I said—"Captain B——, you perhaps know something of the scene I have had with Colonel H——. It is plain that he hopes by persecution to drive me from this regiment, and it is equally plain that you intend to help him. Now, sir, let me say that you

won't succeed. I am commissioned—I am here—and if I live, by Heaven, I'll stay in spite of the whole pack of you hounds. You can't frighten me—you can't bluff me; and its no good to try that little game. If you know anything about your duty or the Army Regulations, which I doubt, you know that you have neither the right to put me on duty for twenty-four hours after joining your company, nor have you the right to put me under a subordinate officer. The *first* I will submit to, the *second I will not*, and we had better have it distinctly understood. I have been obliged to teach the Colonel his duty, and now that my hand is in I don't mind giving you a lesson. It is evident from what I have seen that I can teach your whole regiment more of soldiering than you ever knew. Now, sir, I ask you once for all—is that gentleman a commissioned officer? If not, *I* will take his place, and you can do what you like with him." He didn't dare to gainsay me, nor did he wish to stultify himself, and he hesitated. "I refuse duty, Captain, unless you comply. That will bring the matter to a point, and now we will see who wants a court-martial. If it comes to that, one of us will be dismissed, and it *won't* be me." That settled him, and walking to the rear of the company, he said—"Mr. P——, take your position in rear of the first platoon." P—— skulked to the place indicated, I took the place of first lieutenant, and again was victorious.

The blow to the Captain was a stunner, and my having vanquished him before their very eyes had an evident effect upon the men of the company. We moved out so late to parade that the Captain came in for a reprimand from the Adjutant, but little did that officer know the cause of the delay. Parade was dismissed, and I walked, solitary and alone, to my tent, amid the jeers and taunts of officers and men. During the parade the Quartermaster's wagons had arrived, bringing my valise, and carrying it myself from

Brigade Head-quarters to my tent, I spread my blanket upon the boughs and drew a little comfort from a certain flask which my baggage contained. It was growing dusk, and the camp was busy with the din of supper getting, for which purpose the men were gathered around their respective camp-fires. I had no means of providing that luxury; no one offered me a word nor a morsel, and I did feel desolate and alone. "Keep a stiff upper lip, Charles Otis, you haven't time to get blue," said I to myself, so out I sallied to find the sutler's tent. The eccentric familiarity and communism of the —nd had alienated the affection of its former sutler, and vivid pictures of the *special entertainments* gotten up for him—his personal and feelingly detailed reminiscences of overwhelming attentions *paid*, and bills *unpaid* (they had stolen him poor) had the effect of keeping others away; hence I was obliged to seek supplies in the next camp. I purchased some herring, crackers, coffee, sugar and a tin cup, and with these I made out a supper; then stretching out upon my blanket, lost myself in thought. Tattoo sounded nine o'clock, and I had just about concluded that I would try to sleep, when a scratch came upon my tent, and I said "Come in." The flaps parted, a head appeared and inquired—"Is this Lieutenant Shepard?" I answered in the affirmative, and he in turn said—"Officer of the guard for to-morrow." There it was again, another violation of the Regulations, and another act of persecution. "Are you the Adjutant?" said I. "I am." "Whose order is this?" "The Colonel's, sir." A thousand thoughts went through my brain in an instant, but resolved that they shouldn't accuse me of shirking duty, I said—"Very well, sir!" and off he went. Now, guard mounting is about as difficult and particular a duty as an officer has to perform. Positions are reduced to paces, and almost inches; salutes and orders must come at exactly certain times, and a person not up in the manual is sure



to blunder. All this the Colonel had thought of, and he was evidently determined to show me up at once in the most unfavourable light. If I failed, as he was sure I would, he no doubt meant to have me tried and dismissed for incompetency. "No you won't," thought I, and off I started again for the sutler's, soon returning with half-a-dozen candles and a box of matches. Out of my valise I took the Army Regulations, a copy of the tactics, and a flask, and to work I went. I broke the matches into men, platoons, and officers, and thus went through the whole night. When daylight came it found me without a wink of sleep, but with the whole guard mounting and duty at my fingers' ends. It happened fortunately that the Christmas I was in the 21st, Colonel Rogers had, for the day, turned over the regiment to officers elected from the privates and non-commissioned officers, and I had, by Colonel Colton, been selected as "Officer of the Guard." The experience of that day did me a world of good, and served me well in this particular instance. I got my breakfast (what little I ate) as I had gotten my supper, and nervously awaited the guard-mounting call at half-past eight. When the time came it found me belted, gloved and on the ground, as was everybody else, from the Colonel down.

They came to see "the d—d little upstart bilge," as they expressed it. Desperation had made me perfectly calm and cool to all outward appearances, and I went through the various evolutions marching my guard off to the guard house without a blunder. There were further formalities to be gone through with there between the old and new guard, and thence the crowd all surged. I marched my guard past the old and dressed them up on a line with it. At this, a murmur went round and I heard laughs and jeers, but it was no time to hesitate, and with the cold perspiration running down my back, still unable to see wherein lay the mistake, I finished. As soon as I

had committed what the crowd recognized as a blunder, they dispersed with evident signs of pleasure and satisfaction and in a manner which said—"We've got him now." I aligned the men, presented arms, and went forward to meet and salute the old officer of the guard and to receive the standing orders. He repeated them as he had received them and wound up by taking three or four pairs of hand cuffs from his belt and handing them to me. With a feigned look of astonishment I said to him—"What are these for?" and in his Irish way he replied—"You'll find out fast enough before the day is over." "Here," thought I, "is a place for a point. These men have evidently been treated more like beasts than human beings, and if I can awaken a spark of manhood in them, if they have any pride left, I can turn it to my own account." I took the "bracelets" in my hand, and walking to the front of the guard, said—"Men, for nearly a year I have been, like yourselves, a private. I have carried a gun and knapsack. I have gone through with my duties in camp and on the march, but never did I need one of these things upon my wrists. They are for *felons*, not for *honest soldiers*, and I see no one here who looks as if he deserved anything of the kind. You can, and I am sure you will, do your duty without them; and whatever I can do to lighten that duty I shall take great pleasure in doing. I will make no threats as to what shall be done if you fail in that duty, for I am sure you will not. We are all here, not from choice, but to serve our country, and we have equal rights and interests. It is of course necessary for every organization to have its officers. The Government feeling that I deserve a commission, have given me one, and I shall do all in my power to honour it. The mere fact of my having shoulder straps is not proof that I am better than you, but in my case evidence of longer service, and I trust you will not follow the example of some of your superiors and condemn

me before trial, but wait and see for yourselves. I am sure that when this tour of duty is over we shall be better friends. It has been the custom where I have served, to allow each relief to rest in their tents for the two hours just previous to standing guard, in order to be fresh for duty—the other reliefs remaining at the guard house to turn out for General Officers. I shall follow this course here until I see good reason to change it. It is needless for me to ask that the instant you hear the drum call, you come promptly to the guard house as that will be necessary not only to good understanding but to a continuance of the privilege. Sergeant, tell off the men and send out the first relief." The guard looked from one to the other, but whether they meant to say that I didn't know the men I had to deal with, or whether I had touched a tender chord, I couldn't tell. I threw the hand cuffs into the farthest corner of the guard-house and turned to the inspection of the guard book. The first relief went out—the old guard came in and was marched away under proper salute—the second relief went to their tents and I was left to myself with the third relief. During the next two hours I managed to say a pleasant word to each of those left at the guard house—visited all the men upon post—changed their beats for the better when I could, and tremblingly waited for eleven o'clock. If the men responded promptly to the call, I was master of the situation, if they didn't———at that point I drew a long breath and thought no further. Five minutes to eleven, I ordered the call to be sounded and turned my back, for I had not the courage to face the possibility—perhaps probability of the men not responding. I can never describe the agony of that five minutes. It seemed an hour. Almost every second I consulted the watch I now wear—the one your grandmother gave me—and could hardly satisfy myself that it had not stopped. And what if they did not come? Were not officers and

men against me? Would not even the colonel wink at disobedience? Perhaps he had given the men private instructions to disregard me. Should I order a corporal's guard to arrest all delinquents, and if the guard refused and the men resisted should I shoot them? I had a *right* by law so to do, but it would be a terrible measure while my own life would'n't be worth a penny and would be measured by minutes. But the five minutes finally passed, and without turning, I ordered the Sergeant to "fall in the guard." He gave the order—I heard the stir of men and the handling of muskets and knew that at least *some* of them were present. The Sergeant commenced calling the roll, and I don't think I breathed—"number one!" "two!" "three!" "four!" "five!" "six!" "seven!" "eight!" all answered "here!" and my heart began to swell—"nine!" "ten!" "eleven!" "twelve!" *all there!!!* Oh! how my heart jumped to my throat and the tears to my eyes. I turned, but everything swam before me. I attempted to speak but my chin trembled and my tongue refused its office. The men saw my emotion; it was no use: so whirling upon my heel I walked in the opposite direction. A moment sufficed to subdue my feelings, and upon my returning I addressed to them a few earnest words of gratitude and sent them to their duty. Nor was *I* alone affected. A big corporal drew his sleeve across his face and thus betrayed the presence of a heart.

I allowed the next relief to go to their tents—visited the sentries again, and when I returned to the guard-house at noon the big corporal came awkwardly toward me and touching his cap, said—"Lootinant, can I make ye a cup o'caffee sur?" Again my heart was in my mouth and it was a few seconds before I could answer—"Thank you, corporal, not only for the coffee, which I shall take with pleasure, but also for the first kind word I have had in the regiment." This opened the ball. Another wanted to get

the water, and another, putting a bit of pork on a stick roasted it over the coals—in fact it soon became evident that I had “captured” them all. My spirits rose for the first time to something like a decent level and I saw daylight. I talked familiarly but dignifiedly with the men, and the rest of the twenty-four hours passed without a thing to mar it. Never were men better or more prompt. Not a word, not an act but the most cheerful, and when we were relieved next morning I marched them to a place just out of hearing of everyone else and expressed to them my satisfaction and gratitude in most unmistakable terms, and assuring them that if they found me as sterling an officer as I had found them men, we should become the best of friends, I dismissed them and turned toward my tent. I had gone scarcely a yard when the tall corporal sung out—“Three cheers for the new Lootinant!” And given they were with such a will as to bring the whole camp—officers and men outside their tents. I raised my hat in acknowledgement and walked on as proud as a lord, saying to myself—“I’ve got the men on my side and the officers may go to the—hospital for all I care.” Tired, nervous and trembling, I unfastened my belt, loosened my clothing, and sank upon my blankets. Forty-eight hours I had been without sleep and the greater portion of the time under the greatest excitement, and my nerves had been stretched to their utmost. No wonder that when the reaction came I was completely unstrung—no wonder that I lost control of myself—no wonder that I buried my face in my hands, and, weeping like a child, sobbed myself to sleep. Wonder or no wonder, such was the case. How long I should have slept I do not know, but sometime in the afternoon a scratch at my tent roused me, and wondering in what new form the persecution was coming, I said—“Come in” The Captain parted the curtains, and in seemingly friendly tones, asked me how I felt. I

answered that I felt quite well and requested him again to come in. Mumbling something about not disturbing me he did come in, and as I turned my valise on end to make a comfortable seat, I discovered that the whole name and number had been cut. We both saw it the same instant and our eyes met. For a second nothing was said, but dubling up his fist he broke the silence with—"If I knew the d—d scoundrel who done that I'd tie him up by the thumbs by G—d!" (a favourite punishment in the regiment as I afterwards found). The discovery was evidently a god-send to him, for it afforded a cloak to his embarrassment and enabled him to get at what it was soon evident he came to say. "Fact is Lieutenant," said he, "I'm a rough man but I mean to be square, and I come to tell ye that I made a d—d fool of myself yesterday and I ax your pardon. I was mad when you come here, for I had kalkerlated on your place for the orderly-sergeant, and I allowed you was the son of some rich man who had got ye in by influence. I didn't suppose that you had been in the army or knowed anything about soldiering, but I see yesterday at guard mounting that you wasn't no slouch and that you knowed a d—n sight mor'n we did. Do you remember when everybody laughed?" "I do Captain," said I, "and do tell me what was the mistake I made." "That's the h—l of it," said the rough but good-hearted man—"you didn't make no mistake, it was *us*. We always dressed the new guard two paces in the rear of the old guard, and when you dressed 'em on a line I says to myself, he's done all the rest right and may be he's right in this, so I went and looked at the Regulation and I'll be d—d if you was'n't right. Then says I to the other officers, I guess we better study our Regulations instead of laughing at this young fellow for he's got us where the hair is short. I watched you all day and I see'd you knowed your biz and when the men come back this morning and said you had been in the

army longer'n we had, I *was* ashamed of myself, and I couldn't wait no longer till I came to ax you to take my hand and tell ye that I was proud to have such a Lieutenant." He extended his long hand and the tears sprung again to my eyes as I grasped it with both mine. "Excuse me Captain" said I, "but I am so unstrung that I cannot control myself." "Don't say a word," said he, "for if ye ain't made of iron to stand what ye have I'll swallow my blanket. The game was to make it too hot for ye, but if any one troubles ye now, they've got me to deal with. I don't think ye'll have any more trouble though. I'm dog-on sorry about that valise, but the men hate the volunteer number—they want to keep the old '—nd Militia,' and that's the reason they cut the '—' out. Don't think too much of that, but if I knew the blackguard who did it I'd buck and gag him I would." (I have forgotten to mention, but you will have discovered long ere this, that neither the Colonel nor my Captain were Irishmen, though nearly all the rest were). We talked long and freely. I told him of my service and he told me of his. We talked of the treatment I had received, and, at my request, sergeant P—— was sent for. I told him, P——, that the commission had been given me, and that although it did interfere with him, I didn't see how I could do otherwise than hold it. That I was very sorry, but was sure that under similar circumstances he would do the same, and wound up by telling him that all in my power should be done to make his position pleasant, and secure for him a speedy commission. He left feeling pleasantly; we got along smoothly; I wrote the circumstances to father, and P—— was soon promoted. From that time things went nicely, and with the exception of a few officers who were ashamed to admit that they had been wrong, the greatest cordiality existed. The regiment had not been paid for months, and I won the hearts of the

men in my own company "*intirely*," when I bought them tobacco.

I could govern them all pretty well either drunk or sober, excepting my first and staunchest friend, the tall corporal, who, when he got drunk (as was often the case), always reiterated his favourite threat that he would kill me. He was the only man (in the army) whom I ever remember of ordering into irons, and when sober he thanked me for it and abused himself until I would give him tobacco, and jokingly drive him away. My reconciliation with the Colonel was a matter of some time. Often he tried to enter into friendly conversation, but beyond official matters I would never go. In duty he often showed me preferment, but I was so thoroughly disgusted with, and indignant at his treatment, that I avoided him at all times. I knew that he frequently came into tents where I was, simply to make friends with me, but I always made some excuse and went out. Through the Captain and other officers, he tried indirectly to win me over with compliments, but my wrong 'burned so into my heart that he made no headway. The evening of the battle of West Point a lieutenant of the regiment was mortally wounded, and after the fight was over the Colonel and I met at his cot in the hospital. Death had set its seal upon my young friend, and when the Colonel came in I was taking down his last words and dying requests. It is a hard thing to stand beside a comrade whose feet are slipping upon the verge of that dread precipice where existence ends and eternity begins—it is fearful to stand beside one who, an hour before, was as strong and well as yourself; to hear his voice choking with the last sands of life, and see him clutching in vain for a hold upon fast-ebbing existence. 'Tis then you feel like avoiding sharp words and bitter thoughts, lest you be speaking and thinking them upon the threshold of your own grave. Oh! if those who



make war had to wage it—if those whose fiat sets man against man in deadly strife could know what it is to die, or even to face the probability of death—if they could realize the agony of looking from one hill-top to another, scarce a stone's throw distant, and wondering whether or not death lurks for them between the two, they would realize more keenly their great responsibility—they would stand less upon phrases—they would control more perfectly their passions—*there would be less war.*

In such a place as that at which I met the Colonel, I could do nothing else but speak civilly to him. He left shortly, but I staid by my friend until the silver cord was loosed, and his spirit had winged its flight away into the dim unknown. Stepping out of the hospital, I found the Colonel standing under a tree. I touched my hat and hurried past him, but he followed close behind, and said—"Shepard, I want to speak to you." "What are your orders, Colonel?" said I. "No, no; I have no orders, but I want to talk to you." "I wish to hold nothing but official communication with you, sir," I replied, and hurried on. "For God's sake stop, Shepard, and hear me." said he, with a plaintive earnestness which turned me directly round. I looked him full in the face, and said—"Colonel H——, more than a month ago, I received from you the most brutal, insulting, cowardly treatment it has ever been my misfortune to experience, or even *hear* of. You never have been man enough to apologize for it, and until you do I shall decline anything but official intercourse with you, and when I tell you that I loath and despise you, you will probably wish to have as little to do with me as I do with you. So long as I am unfortunate enough to have you as a commanding-officer I shall obey your *orders*, nothing more. You have done your worst, and I defy you. Do we understand each other, sir?" There he stood in the twilight, the rough, ignorant

man, like a whipped dog, taking it all until I really pitied him. "Shepard," said he, "I did you a great wrong, and I wanted to apologize long ago, but you never gave me a chance. I can't talk as some men can, but my heart is in the right place, and you haven't got a better friend in the army. I want your friendship; I want to apologize a hundred times over. Tell me what to say, and I'll say *anything*," and he held out his hands imploringly. The pain depicted upon the countenance of that coarse man touched me, and what he said carried the conviction of truth with it.

He was a brave man, for I had seen it that day, and I felt that what he had said was from the fulness of his heart. We had met upon tender ground, at the deathbed of our friend. Had we not faced death together that very afternoon, and were we not liable to do so again on the morrow? All came upon me at once, and I was as mellow as a ripe apple. "Colonel H——, my hand; you are a *brave* man, and as such you cannot be dishonourable. I *accept* your explanation, though I regret it had not been offered long ago, for an apology not only infers no degradation on him who makes it, but frees from possible dishonour him who receives it. Say not another word." We walked back to camp arm-in-arm, and the astonishment of the regiment at seeing the "lamb and the lion lie down together" was very evident.

From that day we were fast friends; he recommended me to the vacant first lieutenantcy, and shortly after offered to make me adjutant, but I didn't want the office. His concern when I was wounded at Fair Oaks was of the heartiest, and he went to General McClellan's head-quarters himself to hurry my leave-of-absence. Upon my return to the regiment, I found he had recommended me to General Sully for staff duty, upon which I remained until I left the army. Poor H——! Whisky, his worst enemy, conquered him at last, and he died in a New York hospital soon after the close of the war.

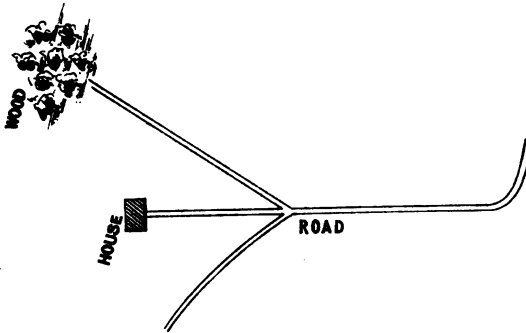
The duties of aide-de-camp are exceedingly agreeable except in time of a battle, but *then* one is sent in all directions regardless of danger or life. I have sometimes carried orders across a space exposed to the fire of both sides, and, shutting my eyes and holding my breath, put spurs to my horse, hardly expecting to come out alive.

In camp, staff duty is *charming*; in a fight, it is *fearful*.

One incident in my staff life I must relate to you. The army had started on its march from Harper's Ferry to Fredericksburg in the autumn of 1862, and at Upper-ville our corps took the advance of the army, and our division the advance of the corps; we were, in fact, the grand picket of the army. One evening, just after going into camp, the General sent for me, and, upon entering his tent, I found him in conversation with an elderly gentleman in citizen's clothes. He introduced me, and explained that the gentleman owned an estate about four or five miles away, and that some of our "bummers" were stealing his sheep, poultry, &c. "You may order a sergeant and twelve men to follow you, accompany the gentleman to the house, and see that the plundering is stopped and all transgressors arrested. After you have seen the men properly posted you can return to camp, and order them in at daylight." Off I started with the gentleman—my usual two orderlies, of course, following—and after seeing the guard on their way, we rode on at a brisk trot. The house was fully two miles outside our lines, but chatting pleasantly,

the distance was soon passed. He asked me into the house to await the arrival of my men, and nothing loth to get under a roof and sit upon a soft chair, I accepted. As I threw my rein to the orderly, he said quietly—"Lieutenant, I don't like the look here; there are no 'bummers' about, and perhaps they mean to surprise us." "Nonsense, man," said I, "don't be afraid of your own shadow." Inside we found the gentleman's wife and two charming daughters. The old fellow offered me a "hot scotch," and being cold November, I accepted with pleasure. Seeing a piano, I asked the young ladies to sing and play, which, after the usual amount of protesting and urging, they finally did, and I was delighted. Young ladies *always have been, are still*, and I think *ever will be* a weakness of mine, but particularly that eve—sitting between walls, in an upholstered chair, before a cheerful fire, with a glass of "hot scotch" in my hand—did the female voice seem particularly charming; in fact, I was at the height of royal enjoyment when a little curly head popped into the door and addressed me with—"Massa, dat sojer man want to speak to you." The old man begged me not to disturb myself, but to let him go to see what was wanted. Knowing that an orderly wouldn't do such an unusual thing as to send for an officer without good reason, I insisted upon going myself, and found that soon after our arrival the orderly had seen a small white boy leave the house and make a detour for some woods not half-a-mile away; that the orderly believed he had seen horsemen there also, and that he thought the old rascal concocted the story of "bummers" simply to get us out there and capture us, and, sure enough, just while he was speaking, out of the woods dashed a dozen horsemen or more. All was plain in an instant; it was a plot "to catch a few Yankees." I hadn't an instant to waste, or I don't know what I shouldn't have done to the old reprobate. I only had time to yell some sort of a *blessing* from between

set teeth, and off we dashed, as John Hay says, "hell-to-split" across the fields for the road. An angle like this—



brought them nearer and nearer to us, and by the time I reached the road we were not more than two hundred yards in advance, they firing as fast as ever they could, but, of course, with no aim. It was "nip and tuck." I had a good mile-and-a-half to go, and whether "nip" or "tuck" would get the best of it was only a question of horses. If ever your uncle rode it was that evening, and about that time in the evening. Not a spear of grass sprouted under my horse's feet. To be captured was Libby Prison, a prospect not the most exhilarating. On I went, my orderlies close upon me, and the Rebs yelling like a pack of hungry wolves at our heels. I should think we had gone about a mile with the distance remaining about the same between us, when at a slight turn in the road I came upon our guard of twelve men, and I assure you the sight of them was very grateful. They took in the situation at a glance, and instantly the sergeant brought his men to a "Guard against cavalry!" and prepared to give my friends a warm reception. The cavalry caught sight of the soldiers in time, however, and wheeled

in a hurry. It is needless to say that I ordered the guard back to camp, and when the General could stop laughing long enough, he approved my action. Many a laugh *and drink* were had at my expense, and wherever I went for weeks after I was questioned as to the truth of the report that I was exceedingly fond of—"Music and a glass of scotch."

My subsequent service contained nothing particularly interesting, and in the spring of 1863 I was obliged, from sickness, to resign. In the Peninsula campaign I contracted a disease which sent me frequently to the hospital, and being told by the doctors that unless I left the army I would surely "exhale," and also that if I didn't resign they would call a board and muster me out, I sent in "my papers." The battles, more or less severe, in which I was engaged, were Yorktown, West Point, New Coal Harbour, Hanover Court House, Fair Oaks, Seven Pines, Second Bull Run, Chantilly, Antietam, Snicker's Gap, Upperville, and the two Fredericksburgs.

In this connection I will relate a singular circumstance, going to shew how strangely our relations in life change. I mention it here because it has such direct association with my army illness to which I have referred. In the month of September, 1862 (I think); at any rate, just after the battle of Antietam, I was sent, for the first time to the officers' hospital in Georgetown, and from the nature of my disease suffered greatly. Patients were put upon little cots and arranged in large wards of say thirty or so, I of course with the others. One morning, the surgeon and assistant surgeons entered the ward as usual, but in company with an officer evidently of higher rank. They stopped at each cot, and it was plain that the surgeon was giving this officer an account or diagnosis of the different disorders, and receiving instructions from him regarding them. I was probably the tenth or twelfth cot from the entrance, and when they came to me the officer asked—"What is this case?" The surgeon told him, and he immediately sent for certain instruments. My blood ran cold, but I was too proud to protest. The instruments came, and without a word of preparation, warning or sympathy, he turned me as he wished and performed an operation which caused me untold agony. He finished, and without a word went on. I was wild with pain and rage—I hardly knew which was uppermost—and if I could have gotten hold of a revolver I believe I would have shot him. I felt that I had never seen such a brute before in my life. After he was gone, I asked the surgeon who the "Butcher" was, and was told it was the medical

director in charge of all the hospitals in Washington. "Well! I'll get even with him some day if I live," said I. The surgeon laughingly said it was "his way"—that he had a great deal to do and that I would feel differently when I saw how much better I was. As I recovered I *did* feel differently, and although I would not acknowledge it, I realized that he had done me the greatest possible kindness by finishing what was necessary without giving me time to anticipate and tremble over it

Ten years passed, and I was *Chargé d' Affaires* in Japan. A "scientific commission," as it was called, consisting of four gentlemen, had been engaged by the Japanese Government and had already been in Japan six months when I took charge of the legation.

The nominal head of the commission was Horace Capron; the *brains* of it were in Professor Antisell. This latter was a most sterling man and as thoroughly scientific as any person I ever met. I admired him exceedingly—he liked me—and was often my guest for days together. After a little, an ill feeling grew up between Capron and Professor Antisell—the former being jealous of the latter's gifts, and the latter despising the empty headedness of the former.

Things went on from bad to worse, until finally Capron copied into a report, some scientific notes of Professor Antisell's, giving him no credit, and sent the whole to the Japanese Government as the production of his own brain. This was too much for the professor, and in his indignation he vowed he would stay no longer in the commission, and asked to be paid off and sent home. This delighted Capron, and taking advantage in an under-handed way of the professor's wrath, he induced the Japanese Minister to think that he had been insulted and to comply with Antisell's request.

The professor had given up large prospects at home



to accept the appointment—his salary was large and his family dependent upon it, and naturally when he began to cool, he realized that he had been hasty, had, in fact, “cut off his nose to spite his face.” He approached Capron, proposing to withdraw his resignation; but that person saw only danger to himself in Antisell’s remaining, and he would listen to nothing. In his despair, the good man came to me, and in the usual diplomatic language I assured him that his case should “have my attention.”

Fortunately, I had done the minister of his department a favour not long before, and we were upon the best of terms. I went to him privately at his house, and to make a long story short, convinced him that it was for his interest to retain the professor, and employ him in another bureau. He gave me a letter to this effect for Professor A. Immediately upon my return to the legation, I sent invitations to Professor Antisell and three or four of his particular friends to dine with me the following eve. These friends knew of his troubles and thoroughly sympathized with him. All came, and at table I gave the professor the seat of honour, rather to the surprise of the others, as one at least—a naval officer, was entitled to that seat by reason of rank. Of course nothing was said in regard to it, and dinner progressed until the cloth was removed. “Gentlemen,” said I, “please fill your glasses, for I have a story to tell, a threat to execute and a health to propose.” All filled and eagerly listened while I told the story of the hospital and the brutal medical director, as I have told it to you. I confided to them the fact of my having sworn to “get even” with that man if I lived. That I *did* live, and that I *had* gotten “even” with him that very day, and in proof of it, I asked the gentleman on my left to read aloud the letter I handed him (the one from the Minister to the Professor); and at its close I asked them to join in drinking the health of Dr. Antisell, late Colonel

and Medical Director of all the hospitals of Washington—the brutal surgeon whom instead of hating, I had now learned to love. The health was drunk with a will, and the poor doctor was paralyzed. He saw it all—he choked in trying to speak—his lips trembled, and his head sunk upon his breast. That silence was eloquent, and God bless him—*I had my revenge.*

In 1862 he was Colonel and Medical Director—I, a Lieutenant simply.

In 1872 I was an acting Minister—he a private citizen, and largely at my mercy.

Surely the “whirligig of time” brings many and curious changes.

In what was known in the army as "Burnside's mud march," I was on the staff of General Sully, the son of the great portrait painter. Our division (Couch's) crossed the Rappahannock river to hold Fredricksburg, while Franklin's division crossed below, and another division stormed the wall-covered heights above, from which "Stonewall" Jackson got his name. It was a fearful march, for the rain began to fall the night before the advance was made, and all the troops were up to their knees in mud. Plans had been made, however, and orders given, hence the movement was not delayed on account of the storm.

Our orders were waiting orders, and for Head Quarters General Couch took possession of a deserted villa, in Fredricksburg, with large grounds and wide verandahs. The sedate Generals took seats on this verandah, but through room after room of the abandoned house we young officers strolled, finding furniture, a piano, pictures, &c., &c., in abundance. In one bed-room we discovered a most exquisite engraving of a most beautiful woman, and knowing that General Sully was a critique in art, one of the officers took it to him.

The General was in the midst of a funny story of his Indian experiences, and taking the picture in his hand held it without looking, until he had finished his tale.

Turning then he grew suddenly pale, and jumping to his feet, with the picture grasped in front of him in both hands, he exclaimed—"My God! that's my mother!"

It proved that she had been long dead—that the general's father had painted her picture when young, and so beautiful was she that the picture had been engraved and extensively purchased.

Singular it was, however, that at that time and in that strange place and way, his mother's portrait should have appeared to him.

The particulars of President Lincoln's assassination you can at any time glean from history, but to realize the terrible anxiety, consternation, dismay and grief of the nation, you never will be able. The tragedy took place at Ford's theatre, while I was at Grover's theatre, only a few squares distant. Two of Mr. Lincoln's sons were also at Grover's, and the first thing which attracted attention, was the rushing into their box of a White House orderly.

The brothers flew from the theatre in the most precipitate manner, and just then some one shouting, "President Lincoln has been shot at Ford's!" the play was at once stopped, and the house speedily cleared. When my companion and I reached Pennsylvania Avenue the cavalry, the infantry and the artillery were rushing in every direction. This together with a wild night—high winds and flying clouds—reports of gun powder plots—the rumoured preconcerted rising of the secessionists to burn and murder—an occasional shot and the news of simultaneous attacks upon Secretaries Seward and Stanton, raised terror to its highest pitch.

Several persons were actually killed for expressing satisfaction at the deed, but no one could be found to say that they witnessed the summary retribution. After getting my pistols, like thousands of others, I wandered about the streets the whole night, but not until daylight appeared was there a relaxation of the terrible suspense and a feeling of safety.

I never wish to experience another such night.

In my official career many laughable incidents have occurred, by reason of the belief that one so young could not hold such seemingly important offices. One or two of these at least, are worthy of notice.

When my appointment as Consul for Yedo was made, the office was looked upon by the public as "very responsible," that city being then considered the second largest in the world.

My last visit before leaving for Japan was to Connecticut and New York ; hence I had given the Metropolitan Hotel, N.Y., as the address to which my last instructions and communications were to be sent. One morning about seven o'clock I arrived at the hotel from Norwich by the boat, and taking a room asked :—

"Are there any letters for Mr. Shepard ?"

The clerk went to the letter boxes and returned with a handful of documents, some with "Executive Mansion," and some with "State Department" printed upon the outside, and addressed to me officially. He hesitated for an instant and then asked :—

"Are you Mr. Shepard's secretary ? "

I saw it all at a glance, and ready for a little fun I answered "I do most of his confidential writing."

"When will he be here," said the clerk ?

"To-day I believe," said I.

"Well," replied he, "as these are important documents I hardly feel justified in giving them to any one but Mr. Shepard, and I think it would be better to hold them until he arrives."

"Just as you like," said I, and, chuckling to myself, off I went for my bath and breakfast.

Out from breakfast I came about nine o'clock, and found Judge (then Senator) Charles J. Folger standing near the office reading the morning paper. As I came up he exclaimed :—

"Hollo, Shepard ! you here? I thought you had committed 'happy despatch' before this. I saw your appointment in the papers and was much pleased. Allow me to congratulate you. When do you sail?"

My friend the clerk was standing just behind the marble counter, his eyes and mouth opened, and by the time the judge had finished he had turned two or three colors. I thanked Judge Folger and said :—

"Upon the point of sailing, I am a little in doubt, as the clerk here has my 'Orders' and does not feel justified in giving them up until my identity is established. Would you mind vouching for me?"

Before the judge had finished his laugh the letters were in my hand, and the most humble apologies of the clerk accepted.

I arrived in Japan to assume the duties of Consul at Yedo, and found, that without a pass, no foreigners, other than officials, could visit that city. I also found that a strong prejudice and even hatred existed against foreigners, and that not only must I be guarded at my house, and when I walked and rode out, but that a guard must watch over me at night also. I will endeavour in a few words to explain this hatred. Six hundred years ago, one of the many nobles (Damios) had been so successful in war as to be named hereditary commander-in-chief or Tycoon. As time went on, by one circumstance and another, imperceptibly but surely, he and his descendants absorbed and usurped the temporal powers of the Emperor (Mikado) until finally the Tycoons came to administer the whole Government, leaving the Mikado a sort of prisoner Pope at Miaco, too holy to look upon and too godlike to govern. Of course the patronage within the gift of the Tycoons made them a host of followers, and so nearly balanced in strength were the other principal Damios, so jealous were they one of another, and so anxious each to become Tycoon, that they never could agree long enough to unite upon any course of action. About the year 1865 one or more of the foreign ambassadors suggested to the great Damios, Satsuma, Choshu, Tosa and Hizen, the dethronement of the Tycoon, by placing the Mikado again at the head of the whole government. As none of them could become

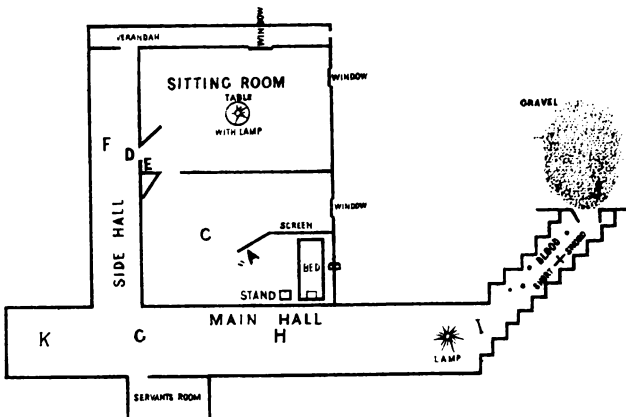


Tycoon, they thought this the next best thing, and combinations were formed. A war was fought for two years with varying success until at last the Tycoon was overthrown and the Mikado transformed from a god into a man. It took time and tact to work this last transformation as the prejudices and beliefs of the people were strong and deep-seated. Of course the foreign ambassadors who had suggested this change claimed, and obtained, no small voice in the councils of the new government. If not aware of it before, this influence convinced the Tycoon's party that the foreigners had been the force which had thrown them out of power, office, and income. Was it therefore to be wondered at that the disenthroned prince and his retainers should look upon the whole of us as enemies? Our *presence* had unseated them and beggared their chief; our *expulsion* might make his re-enthronement and their re-instatement in power possible; hence continual plots, and continual executions. Each day or week brought some rumour of a new conspiracy to expel foreigners. Not unfrequently were foreigners murdered, and it is easy to imagine that such a state of things was hardly calculated to put me, isolated as I was, at my ease or place me in the seventh heaven of security.

Would I please refrain from going out after dark? Would I kindly *always* take the guard? Would I graciously *not* go out on holidays? And would I not keep to back streets? These were the reassuring messages coming continually from the government. One morning in January I found stuck on to my door a bit of Japanese paper, on which was written in exceedingly bad English this terse advice—"Foriner piggy,"

“piggy” being a mongrel word for “get out.” I laughed it off in a funereal sort of a way, as I did the every day murmurs of plots and intrigues, but all the while felt very uncomfortable. I kept pistols under my pillow and all about me, and a carbine at the head of my bed. A dim light was always kept burning in my sitting room at night, which threw a slight shade of light into my bed room, and I tried to be always prepared for a surprise.

This is a plan of my rooms.



The eve of March 28th, 1870, I retired at the customary hour, and sitting on the side of my bed, kicked my boots, as I took them off, to “A,” that the servant might take them as usual for cleaning. To sleep I went in about the ordinary time, and the next thing I remember was a sound near my bed, as if some one had tripped over my boots, as it proved. One thing being continually uppermost in my mind I

sprung from my bed to "B," at the same time saying "who's there?" I saw the dim outline of a figure retiring to "C" and dropping behind the screen. How I got the navy revolver from the stand I don't know, nor why I followed him, but so I did, just in time to get a glimpse of his figure going out of "D." As I reached "D" I stumbled over a cane-stand standing at "E," and fell full length into the side hall "F." I recovered myself to see him turning into the main hall, "G." When I reached "G" a dim outline could be seen at "H," from a low trimmed hanging lamp. I fired, but with no effect. Still running, I cocked and fired again just as he reached "I." He gave an "Oh!" threw up his hands and disappeared down the stairs. I was convinced I had hit him, but as I reached "I," he was going out of the door "J." On reaching "J" I heard voices and numerous footsteps on the gravel, but so pitch dark was it that I could see nothing. Then for the first time I fully realized my danger. The fact of there being ugly, hungry swords waiting outside for me flashed across my mind. My scalp seemed leaving my head, and with, as it seemed to me, a single bound I went from the bottom to the top of the stairs. Japanese lanterns appeared swarming from every direction, and my first impulse was to fire right and left. I recognized my guard however, and being in the hands of my friends the reaction came. My head swam, my blood seemed congealing, my heart almost stopped beating, and—all was a blank. When I came to myself I was in bed, and my servant beating the palms of my hands. His agonized features showed at once his anxiety, and his blood red eyes furnished unmistakable

evidence of his having just awakened from a sound sleep. Soon a German in the employ of the Japanese arrived, the Governor of Yedo and his principal officers quickly followed, and by four o'clock (the "scene" was at two), the Ministers for Foreign Affairs and numerous others were in attendance. Blood and a short sword were found on the stairs. Orders to close the gates of the city were given, and it was proposed that each house should be searched for a wounded man, but that the orders were really given I have always had my doubts. My house was directly on the bay of Yedo, and the morning revealed the fact that the "excursion" had come and gone by sea. From the tracks, it appeared that the party consisted of about twenty or thirty; and, months afterwards, it came to my knowledge that they came and returned in a boat to the province of Mito, on the opposite side of the bay, some twenty miles distant. A government messenger was at once despatched to the Minister at Yokohama, 18 miles distant, and by noon of that day the man-of-war "Ashuelot" brought the minister and his suite. The Consulate was covered with her guns, and so remained until satisfactory arrangements were arrived at. These arrangements were to the effect that my guard should be increased to fifty men, and that *each* man should answer with his head for my life. Severe enough terms surely; still, although I could but feel that each of these men did take *particular* and *peculiar* interest in me—cared more tenderly for my safety, indeed, than men ever cared before or since—still, for six months I lived in the most mortal terror. My nerves were completely upset, and I maintain that, in my dreams, I actually suffered a hundred times over all the horrors of

a violent death. I dreaded to go to sleep. Nightmare was an almost nightly companion, and, over and over again, have I lain powerless, while I dreamed that cold calculations were being entered into as to how I should be cut and carved. Time and again have I found myself in the middle of my bedroom, meeting imaginary foes and answering imaginary questions. This very lack of rest kept me weak and nervous. You perhaps wonder why I did not retire to Yokohama. The minister wished me to, but I was consul for *Yedo*, and at Yokohama I should have been "absent from my post," and liable to discipline. I had some *personal* reputation; I had the honour and reputation of my father and my family in my keeping, and I felt that I would rather die there than desert my post, to be pointed at all my life as a coward. I could never have expected another appointment; my political opponents would have rung all the changes on my desertion, and I should have been branded for life. I was too great a *coward*—if you understand the paradox—to disgrace you all, thank heaven.

A skeleton key, which fitted my door, was found in the gravel a day or two after; and although some of the servants and some of the guard *must* have been in the plot, nothing could ever be satisfactorily ascertained. Every guard put the blame on to some other; they all said they were at their station "K;" saw no one come in, and heard nothing until I began firing. The outer door and the door of my room were both braced open, however; and certain it is that either the guard were accomplices, or they slept at their post while the servants were in collusion with the would-be assassins. As to the "wounded man," a dozen were brought in at different times as

the guilty one ; but I believed then and now that all were prisoners who were to be executed anyway, and that the governor thought to make them serve a double purpose. I never consented to one of them being executed on my account ; and, after a few weeks, very plainly intimated my belief that it was all a deception, and asked that the farce might not be repeated again : then the whole matter dropped.

There were no cables to Japan at that time, the nearest telegraph stations being Hong Kong and some place in Siberia. That news could get home before the regular steamer to San Francisco never entered my head ; hence, I did not know what was in store for your mama and my friends. It seems that the first rumour which obtained in Yokohama was to the effect that I had been "literally cut to pieces," and a steamer just sailing for Shanghai took that version. The news agent at Shanghai thought the matter of so much importance that he sent a runner, with the intelligence, to the Russian telegraph station—a ten days' run—and, consequently, twelve days before the steamer reached San Francisco with the correct story, the European telegraphic despatches announced that "The American Consul at Yedo has been assassinated."

Your mama can better tell you her part of the story, and of the cruel, gossiping, inhuman manner in which a certain horrid old woman broke the news to her. I never have forgiven or forgotten it, nor can I ever do so.

A few months after my arrival in Japan, and while yet at Yedo, a Japanese officer with whom I was acquainted intimated that another officer of very exalted position—a member of the Mikado's Privy Council—very much desired to place his only son under my roof. I met the father and son at this mutual friend's house, and upon sight of the lad I felt no hesitation in consenting to take him under my wing. He was bright and active, about seventeen years old, and although entirely unacquainted with English, was still at his ease and a source of great enjoyment to me and to a literary friend then resident with me—Mr. E. H. House. The boy's father wished him to have a thorough English education, and proposed to give me entire direction of Master Hirosawa Kenzo for eight years, paying, of course, all his expenses. Kenzo was a delightful boy, and I loved him as a younger brother. As Mr. House afterwards most truly wrote in *Harper's Monthly* :—

\* \* \* \*

“It was not very long before we came to recognise him as a genuine spirit of life and good cheer in the household. Instead of retaining the loose and graceful garments of a Japanese gentleman he always appeared in neat American attire, and consequently became the subject of immediate curiosity; but by no excess of dulness could he have been mistaken for anything but a friend of the household. His brightness, his intelligence, and his unfailing good humour, always had a very pleasant and wholesome influence upon every person who was thrown

in contact with him. I should hardly know where else to look for the same qualities of vivacity and gentleness—of exuberance and docility. How much we were attached to him we did not ourselves know until, a few months later, the calamity which darkened his young life touched us so deeply that we felt he had gained no common hold upon our regard.”—[His father was assassinated on the 27th of February, 1871.]

\* \* \* \*

Not unfrequently did Hirosawa senior unship the cares of state and take a seat at our table, and Mr. House never tired of detailing, with embellishments, the compliments passed between the Sangi (Privy Councillor) and myself.

Here is *his* version of a conversation upon the occasion of a return entertainment for one of mine. If not strictly correct it is founded upon fact, and is decidedly amusing :—

## THE CONSUL AND THE SANGI.

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### BRIEF COMEDY OF MANNERS.

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THE CONSUL	- - -	C. O. S.
THE SANGI	- - -	H.H.
THE INTERPRETER	- - -	Y.
SILENT OBSERVERS	- - -	H.K. and E. H. H.

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**THE CONSUL.**—We hope that Hirosawa Hioske has enjoyed excellent health since we last saw him.

**THE SANGI.** — We have always hoped that Mr. Shepard's health has been perfect, and are now filled with joy to find that it is so.



THE CONSUL.—We have never ceased to remember Mr. Hirosawa's visits with feelings of satisfaction and delight.

THE SANGI.—We are flattered that you have taken the trouble to come so far to return our visit; but we can not expect that you will enjoy yourselves here as we enjoyed ourselves with you.

THE CONSUL.—We hope that Mr. Hirosawa will not wait for formal invitations, but that in the future he will come to lunch or dine at Zemfuku-ji at any time that it may suit him, according to his own convenience.

THE SANGI.—If Mr. Shepard and his friend should ever find themselves in the neighbourhood of Hirosawa's house, they must also drop in without ceremony, or he will feel justly aggrieved.

THE CONSUL.—(playing the full force of his hand)—In fact nothing could please us better, if such a thing were possible, than to see Mr. Hirosawa sitting beside us, with his excellent son, every day and evening.

THE SANGI.—(overreaching his friendly opponent with a confident "call").—Truly, if my house were suited to the comfort of foreigners, I would insist that both of you made your home henceforth here, with my family. [Pause, with affecting business of bowing and hand-shakings].

THE CONSUL.—Nothing could be more charming than the situation of Mr. Hirosawa's house, or prettier than his garden.

THE SANGI.—The grounds of Zemfuku-ji are singularly beautiful, and far superior to those of any residence occupied by Japanese.

THE CONSUL.—Mr. Hirosawa has certainly shown extraordinary skill in decorating every part of his establishment. Outside and inside it is a series of pictures.

THE SANGI.—Since we visited your abode we have endeavoured to improve our own by availing ourselves of

the recollections of the perfect taste and refinement we saw there, and arranging our apartments accordingly. [A second pause. The consul throwing up his hand, as it were, in utter despair of "raising" the last remark].

THE CONSUL.—Mr. Hirosawa will be glad to know that his son is improving in his English studies every day.

THE SANGI.—That is solely in consequence of Mr. Shepard's kind attention in directing them.

THE CONSUL.—Certainly not. He is remarkably quick and intelligent, and learns with truly surprising rapidity.

THE SANGI.—All of which he gains directly from the quickness, the intelligence, and the rapidity of acquirement which distinguishes his scholarly American friends.

[Prolonged pause and indications of exhaustion on one side. Renewed bowing and hand-shaking, after which ex. om. into the garden.]

According to the customs, his high rank required that Kenzo should remain secluded in his own house for forty days after his father's death, and before the end of that time we began to wonder if we should ever have him with us again; but at the close of his "mourning days" he appeared, and informed us that after certain ceremonies were gone through with, he intended to return and carry out the original programme. Of course we were delighted, and in due course he again took his seat at the table. He devoted himself so assiduously to his studies, that in eighteen months Mr. House and I thought it better that he be sent to the States. An excellent opportunity for going to New York, via India and Europe, presented itself, and off he went at two weeks notice in high glee. His letters *en route* were delightful, and at the end of six months he had reached New York, and was located in a desirable Brooklyn school. He endeared himself to all he came in contact with, as he had with us. I was proud of his acquirements, and felt honoured that he looked upon me with affection

and gratitude, and was melted with continual evidences of his implicit confidence. But alas for his too great application. Pneumonia was the consequence of over study, and he died in 1873 at the house and in the arms of Lieutenant Poillon's mother. I give an extract from a New York paper:—

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#### “DEATH OF A YOUNG JAPANESE NOBLEMAN.”

“N. Kenzo Hirosawa, a young Japanese nobleman, died on Wednesday, at Brooklyn, where he was pursuing his studies at the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute. N. Kenzo Hirosawa was the eldest son of Hirosawa Hioské, one of the most eminent and popular statesmen in Japanese history. Hirosawa Hioské was intimately connected with the changes which consolidated the Government of Japan, a few years ago, by the overthrow of Damios, the hereditary Princes of Japan, and which put the Mikado at the head of affairs. Hirosawa at once took a place among the Mikado's most trusted and confidential advisers. At the age of thirty-eight he was raised to the rank and title of Sangi, the highest any Japanese not of noble birth can attain, and was appointed a member of Dai-jo-Kuan, or higher board of government. His prestige was great and influence vast, the place he finally reached being that of third official in the Empire. He desired to train his son Kenzo to statesmanship by a course of broad and liberal culture, including travel and study in Europe and America. In preparation for such travel and study, he was placed in the household of Mr. Shepard, American Consul at Yedo, to become familiar with the manners and language of America. There he remained for some years, making many friends among the American visitors at the Consulate by his vivacity and intelligence, joined to a singular amiability and gentleness of disposition. His

father was assassinated on February 27, 1871, it is supposed, by the agents of the Damios, whose power he had done so much to break, and his uncle, N. Kengs Hiro-sawa, became his guardian and the director of his studies. Lieutenant Richard H. Poillon, now of the 23rd Regiment, U.S.A., stationed in Arizona, and son of Richard Poillon, of this city, while on a visit to Japan, and a guest of Mr. Shepard's, in the summer of 1871, became acquainted with young Kenzo, and was much attached to the clever lad himself. The youthful noble was put by Mr. Shepard in charge of Lieutenant Poillon, in order to study in this country; and after travelling together for four months in the Orient, they reached this country in March, 1872. Kenzo Hirosawa almost immediately entered the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute, intending to go to Paris after graduation, and to spend six or seven years more in studies abroad. His winning qualities endeared him to many of his instructors and fellow-students, while his progress in study gave earnest of grasp of mind and breadth of view. A sudden illness cut down this hope. His dying requests were that his funeral should take place from the residence of his friend, Richard Poillon, at No. 36, East Thirty-eighth Street, in this city, and that his body should be interred in Greenwood Cemetery. His wishes were carried out. He leaves a mother and a younger sister, beside the uncle, in Japan.

The Japanese language is soft and musical, embracing but one or two sounds that we cannot easily master. In what language can you find a more musical word than "Aringatto," their "thank you," "Sayonara," "good bye," or "Ohio," "good morning?"

Concerning the latter word, a good story is told of a captain of one of our American men of war, in the Asiatic squadron, and a native of the state of Ohio. Going on shore one day to visit the native shops, he was everywhere met with "Ohio." Whether he came in or went out, whether he bought or not, he invariably met with the same word, and upon returning to the ship, he made haste to assure his officers what a glorious thing it was to belong to such a noble, well known state as Ohio. But how differently we view things! e. g.

A certain man of New York, after hearing this word for an unbearable length of time, and at every corner, concluded that he would submit to the impertinence no longer, and turning upon one smooth faced, obsequious shopman, with fire in his eye, and a forcible expression upon his lips he said—"You lie! I'm from New York, and if you tell me again that I am from Ohio. I'll break every bone in your cream-coloured body!" The polite shopman evidently understood him, for the alacrity with which he changed his position was something wonderful.

The ease and facility with which some people acquire the language is astounding; as for example,—The wife of the late American Minister, Mrs. De Long, while entertaining a party at dinner, soon after her arrival, was asked by one of her guests, by way of breaking the ice of conversation, if she had made any progress in the language. “Oh yes!” she replied, “I find it quite easy, in fact I already understand enough to give all necessary orders to the servants.” A little delay occurred between soup and fish, and for the purpose of hurrying matters, and having everything proceed smoothly, she called the head servant to her side, and said in an undertone, “skoshi maté.” He communicated with the other servants and all disappeared. Five minutes passed, and still no fish. Nervous and annoyed she again summoned the servant, and in a more emphatic undertone repeated the injunction, “skoshi maté!” Again the waiter disappeared, and another five minutes passed. By this time, Mr. De Long ventured to suggest that there seemed to be “an unnecessary delay.” Blushing and annoyed, but nothing daunted, (for she knew the language) the wife replied, “Yes my dear! I have twice told the servant to skoshi maté, and he doesn’t mind a word I say.” The husband as wise as the wife, was ready to accept the explanation as satisfactory, when a palpable grin from all about the table, led to the suggestion that “skoshi maté” meant “wait a little longer,” and that if it was desired to hasten matters it would be better to substitute another word.

As consul at Yokohama, I was judge in all civil, Criminal, Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Courts, Coroner as well, and Arbitrator in no end of public and private matters, domestic quarrels included. One hot evening, long after office hours, I was still at my desk, as was frequently the case, completing some unfinished business, when a distinct sob saluted my ears. I looked quietly round, and saw a woman in evident distress standing at the door of the private entrance. Blood was upon her face, dress, and on a towel which she held in her hand—a pitiable object surely. “What is the trouble my good woman?” said I. Sobbing as if her heart would break, and getting out a single word between each sob, she replied—“Oh—sir—my—husband—has—struck—me!” “I should think he had” said I, “come this way.” She took a chair to which I pointed, and answered as well as she could a few questions. Her husband’s name was Jordan, he was a sailor’s boarding-house keeper, and lived in Homura Road, &c. Calling a servant, I sent for a constable and directed him at once to bring the monster before me. In the interim the abused woman poured into my ears a heart-rending story of her sorrows, which included the perfidy, the drunkenness, and the inhumanity of her husband; she said he had that day choked her, thrown a spittoon at her which cut her on the knee, and had afterwards knocked her down,

and all from sheer "fiendishness." She had endured it as long as possible, but must now get a divorce. I was indignant beyond anything, and formulated in my mind crushing reproaches with which to upbraid him. Of course there could be no *other* side to the story, for her wrongs were too apparent. At this point the constable brought in a robust, good-looking, meek-mannered man, whose face I remembered, but whose name had gone from me. "Is your name Jordan?" said I with a frown, "Yes sir," he replied, pulling off his hat. I remembered to have liked his face and respectful manner when he had come each month for his licence, and I could hardly believe him capable of such conduct, but, as I have said, the evidence was too convincing against him. "Is that woman your wife, Jordan?" He looked sideways at her, and in the most cool, resigned, self-possessed and respectful manner he replied with a sigh—"Well Sir, I'm sorry to say she is." I was taken a little aback, while she commenced some abuse which I at once stopped, and of which he took not the slightest notice.

"Jordan!" said I sternly, "your wife accuses you of knocking her down, of choking her, and of throwing a spittoon at her which cut her on the knee. Is it *possible* you can have been guilty of such brutality?" He changed the weight of his body from one foot to the other, crossed his hands in front of him, and answered, with a resigned sigh, "Yes sir, I knocked her down and choked her, you can see the marks on her neck, and I threw a spittoon at her, but I don't know whether it cut her knee or not, I presume so." This was said with the most placid countenance, and in such a respectful manner, that I began to think there *were* two



sides to the story perhaps. I was nonplussed, for his answers were not at all what I expected, nor what I was prepared for, but her abuse soon brought me to my senses, and checking her I said, "Well Jordan, you are frank, to say the least, but that won't save you from punishment for the outrageous assaults which you don't even deny. It looks as if I should be obliged to send you to prison." "Yes Sir, I supposed so, that's what I did it for," he replied without a change of countenance. There I was again, with the wind all taken out of my sails, and he as meek, self-possessed, resigned, and respectful as ever. I turned on my pivot chair to the window, to conceal a smile and re-gather my scattered ideas. The man's "cheek," if cheek it was, was simply sublime, but if not cheek there must be something else which I hadn't yet fathomed. I essayed again, however, with a *crusher*—"Jordan, the law which you have taken into *your* hands will now take you into *its* grasp. Such things as these cannot be allowed. The law claims the right to punish, and the assault you have this day committed gives your wife good grounds for demanding, what she says she *must* ask for, a *divorce*." This I expected would settle him, but instead, he brightened up and said eagerly—"Oh I'll *give* her that Sir."

There I was again without a word to say. I could hardly keep my countenance, and although I tried to look serious, I was rather glad when her tongue began its abuse again. Like a drowning man I grasped at a straw, and said, "Mrs. Jordan, when you can prove anyone of the charges of infidelity, habitual drunkenness or cruelty which you have made, I will entertain your suit for divorce, but in the meantime I will deal with the case in hand." "Mr. Shepard!" said he

earnestly, and starting a step forward, "I'm an honest man, I never have committed a crime, but if it will do it, I'll plead guilty of anything but a felony, to get rid of this ere woman."

There was no mistaking that look and tone, and putting her down once more, I said, "There is more in this case than appears on the surface ; there is something behind—something which I don't yet know. What is it, Jordan ; what is the meaning of it all ?" "Will you keep her quiet, sir, while I tell you ? I say that, because if you don't stop her, she'll talk all night." I promised that I would, but a most difficult task I found it ; for, not until I assured her that the next time she spoke without being asked, I should lock her up, did she hold her tongue." He began—"Mr. Shepard, that woman is a devil. I can't say anything against her faithfulness, for in that way she's all right ; but if any body was ever possessed with seven devils, she is. I married her in New York, about ten year ago, and for a time we got along well enough. I was in the same business I am now, and besides I was in the inside in politics, and I was making a good thing until she began to get jealous of me. She'd foller me all round ; into saloons and billiard-rooms, and I couldn't go into no place to have a drink with a friend or to talk politics, but what she'd come in. It mortified me awful, and I talked to her about it ; but it didn't do no good. Then she'd put cayenne pepper into my beef, and medicine into my coffee, and pins in my bed. It got so bad I couldn't stand it, and about three year ago I got together some little money, and made up my mind I'd go to 'Frisco by the way of Panama. I left her a good stock of liquor and all the fixings, and then stowed

myself away in the steamer, so's I wouldn't have my name on the passenger list. After we got to sea I come out and paid my fare, and felt safe. I stopped a few days at Panama, and then went on to Calaforny, and, when the steamer arrived, I'll be d—d if she didn't meet me on the dock. She said she was sorry for what she had done and would behave herself, and we made it up. For a year, she was first-rate, and I took a lot of comfort. I got into a good saloon business agin, and into 'Frisco politics, and should have been a rich man by this time if it hadn't been for her. But she couldn't stand it long, and began to raise the devil agin. I stood it as long as I could; but I was ashamed, and I knew that if I stayed much longer with her I should strike her. I didn't want to do that, so I left her the business again—a *good* business—took some money—told a friend to give out that I had gone to South Ameriky—and I hid away in a Japan steamer. After we was clear of land I come out agin, and paid my fare, and thought I was clear of her. I got here last July—about a year ago—and went into the sailor boarding-house business. Your marshal sometimes sent me sailors to board. I got acquainted with the men-of-war's men; and you know, sir, that there hain't been no charge agin me. I got along first-rate; but she heard where I was, and turned up last March. She promised to behave; but it wasn't more than a month before she was at it again. I can't stand it, sir, nohow! My business keeps me up amost all night, and when I try to sleep in the day-time, she jabs pins into me or strikes me across the face with a switch. Nothing is no good to me while I'm tied to *her*. There hain't no use of trying to do nothing or

get nothing, and I made up my mind I'd rather go to jail, for there I'd have some peace. I give you my word, I never struck her before, but I was asleep just now, and she threw some ice-water into my face, and I did give it to her hot! I knew what you'd do, and I want you to do it." He had finished! He pressed his lips and teeth close together with a sort of "Do-what-you-like, — I-can't-be-worse-off-than-I-am" expression. The fellow's tone, manner, and earnestness carried conviction with them. I believed *fully* what he said, and I pitied him from the bottom of my heart. "Jordan," said I, "I don't want to lock you up to-night, and if you promise to be here at ten o'clock to-morrow morning, and promise not to strike your wife in the meantime, I will let you go." "I think you'd better lock me up, sir; it will be safer," he replied. "No, Jordan, I am satisfied that if you *promise* me, you won't strike her; and I wish you to promise," said I. He straightened himself up, and said, rather proudly, "No, sir, if I *promise*, I won't break my word; and I *do* promise, because you want me to; but I can't stay at home." "Stay where you like, but you and Mrs. Jordan be here at ten in the morning," I replied, and out they went, he waiting with the constable until she was out of sight. The next morning, about eight o'clock, the servant came to prepare my bath, and informed me, in Japanese, that, that "wife-pounding man" was waiting below. Poor fellow! he had come two hours ahead of time. At ten o'clock, I went upon the bench, and as the police cases began to draw to a close, I looked around for *Mrs.* Jordan. *He* was there, but where was she? I sent a constable to bring her; and at eleven, instead of ten

she came into court, under escort of an officer. The case was called, and she wished to withdraw the charge. That, she was told, could not be done; but the failure of the complaining witness to appear would effect the same thing. She took the hint, and off she went. Of course, I supposed this ended the matter; but what was my astonishment, when the case was called, to hear him plead "Guilty." In vain was it explained to him: "Guilty" he would have it, and I gave him "thirty days' imprisonment." He asked, in an honest and most respectful manner, if I couldn't make it *ninety*; but I declined upon the plea that judgment was already entered. To jail he went; but not twenty-four hours passed before his wife appeared to me again with a freshly bruised countenance. I *was* out of patience. "You here again? Who the d—l has struck you now? Whom have you been running pins into *this* time?" was my pious ejaculation. "It was my husband; he struck me again!"

"Your husband! Why, woman, you are crazy. He's in jail."

"I know it, sir; that's where he struck me."

I at once sent for the jailer, and found that she had spent the greater part of the previous night in crying and moaning at the prison-gates, that, out of pity, the jailer had let her in to see Jordan, a few minutes before, and that when the cell-door was opened, and he saw her, he exclaimed; "Good G—d! you? I came here to get rid of you, and I'll be d—d if I won't be let alone. Now, I give you warning that if you come inside that door, I'll hit you! Now, mind."

"Oh, Willie dear, you wouldn't strike me, for I love you so," said she, at the same time advancing.

But he *would* though, for as she reached the threshold he gave her a blow which sent both her and the blood flying.

I simply told her that it served her right, and that I would hear no more. In three or four days, I learned that she was leaving the saloon to itself, and wandering up and down in front of the jail, while whoever liked could go into his bar and help themselves. It seemed to me that the woman *must* be insane, and I instructed the consular surgeon to make an examination. He did so, in conjunction with a navy surgeon, and they reported that not only was she not herself, but that in a few months she would probably be raving, and that she should be put into an asylum. I sent for Jordan, and repeated the doctors' words. He was overcome, and with tears in his eyes, he assured me that he wasn't the man to strike a crazy woman, and that if he had had such an idea he never would have given her a blow. He said he thought it was pure devilry. I advised him to sell his belongings at once, and take her to San Francisco, where proper treatment could be had.

I commuted the sentence, he sold off all he had, I got them reduced fares, and they were off within a week. Upon the return of the ship, I learned that she had been sent to an asylum; that she struck, bit, scratched, and even scalded him on the way over; but not a murmur, or a harsh word did it extract. A year or more passed, during which I heard nothing of him; in fact, the circumstance had gone out of my mind. Leave of absence was given me, and I fixed a certain day for sailing. We reached San Francisco in due time, and, as usual, the docks were lined with people to meet the "China Steamer." I expected no one to meet me; hence

I took matters quietly, and watched other passengers who *did* expect friends. As the cable drew us slowly nearer and nearer to our berth, I noticed that whenever I looked in a certain direction a hat and handkerchief were waved. I thought it couldn't be for me, but that I was mistaken for some one else. But, no! The man would have it that he knew me, and continued to wave whenever I looked that way. Nearer and nearer we came, until at last, by bringing my glass to bear, Jordan's features were revealed under a shining silk hat, while his dress showed undoubted signs of prosperity. I waved my handkerchief, and he absolutely danced with delight. I then remembered that the San Francisco papers, which we had received from an outgoing steamer, had noticed the fact that I was to arrive by that steamer, and Jordan seeing it, had no doubt arrayed himself in his best, to pay me the greatest possible compliment—to give me in fact a heartfelt welcome. His homely, thoughtful honesty touched me. That rough, coarse, saloon-keeper had a heart worthy of a better mind and body. He felt that I had done him a kindness, and, unlike many a better educated man, he did *not* forget it, and rejoiced in devoting the day to giving me a welcome. Was it not splendid of him? The ship neared the dock, the plank was shoved on board, and one of the first to spring upon it was Jordan. Straight as a die he came to me, pushing every one right and left. His hat came off, his rough hand was frankly put out, and, yielding to the uppermost thought in his mind, his first words, given in a tone of exultation, were—“*She's dead, sir!*” He had cared for her tenderly while she lived, and he was not up to the

hypocrisy of society—he did not pretend to mourn her death. There was stuff there for a noble man.

He proffered his services in looking after my luggage, and right well he did it. He put me into a cab, mounted the box with the driver, and when I came to offer payment I found that the cab was his, and that it was at my service as long as I stayed in San Francisco. Of course, I didn't injure his feelings by refusing that *one* ride, but had no idea of taxing him further. He actually haunted the hotel, and several pleasant talks we had. He had made money in mining stock; had bought two or three public conveyances, and was thriving. I took another carriage one day, thinking he wouldn't know it; but, upon offering to pay, the driver replied—"No, sir; you're Mr. Shepard, and Jordan has *fixed* you. I bet you can't pay a hack fare in 'Frisco." Jordan was too much for me, and the pleasure he evinced when I told him that I couldn't pay, anywhere in the city, was really delightful. I was to leave by a cross-continental train, at seven in the morning, and I bid Jordan good-bye, with many thanks. No, he should see me at the train! Sure enough, he did. When I got to the station in the morning, I found he had ascertained the number of my berth in the Pullman car, and upon his piloting me to it, I found that the good fellow had brought a well-stored basket, filled with wine, cold fowl, potted meats, pickles, crackers, knife, fork, spoon, plate, from the most expensive restaurant in town, to cheer me over the mountains and across the plains. He had never thanked me in *words*; but his *actions* spoke louder. That was *his* way, and a touching way it was. I think there was an unusual



moisture in my eyes when I took his hand for good-bye: I *know* there was in *his*. I have had many a "God bless and preserve you!" but no one of those formal good-byes ever affected me as did *his* rough, but none the less earnest, "Good luck, Sir!"

In all my official experience I was only once offered money for professional service, and that was by a woman. She had been a teacher in a Japanese school for girls, and the Government had wrongfully discharged her before the expiration of her contract, the reason being that some one else would teach for less. She brought her contract to me, and seeing that her case was perfectly good, I pressed the matter to full payment.

She received about nine hundred dollars—expressed herself as “exceedingly grateful,” and quietly laid one hundred dollars in front of me. “What is this for, madam?” said I. “Oh,” she replied, “that’s for your trouble. I *know* what’s expected.” I felt the blood coming to my face, and I suggested the propriety of her withdrawing with as little delay as possible, for, as I assured her, had she been a man I would have kicked her all the way to the entrance gate.

I have already told you that the powers and duties of Consuls in Japan and China have almost no limit. Among other duties, that of looking after and governing sailors takes a prominent part. The moment a ship arrives in port the captain's power ceases, and that of the consul begins. He can discharge, retain, direct, and punish officers and men at his pleasure. All disputes between the captain and men must be referred to the consul; and, upon the question of their food, their pay, their time, their treatment, and their quarters, his decision is final. One ship (I forget her name) came into Yokohama, in 1872, and complaint was soon lodged that the food was bad, and that her forecastle (where the men slept) leaked. I went on board, tasted the bread and meat, examined the forecastle, and found all satisfactory. Next, some other equally groundless complaints were made, and I became satisfied that what the sailors wanted, was to leave the ship. This would have entailed great expense upon the captain, and, naturally, he objected. After patient and thorough enquiry, I sustained him, and told the men they *must* continue the voyage. Against this they rebelled, and I was obliged to treat a few of them to hard-labour in the jail. At length, the ship was ready to sail. I put all men on board at about five o'clock one afternoon, and cleared the ship. I was invited out to dinner at seven, and while in the midst of it, the marshal came to say that the men were in mutiny, and would not get

up the anchor. I had given a great deal of time to their complaints, and knew that they were groundless; I was therefore greatly annoyed. It was a cold, raw night—an unpleasant one on which to board a ship so far from shore—and this annoyed me still more. I was taken away from a good dinner, and that added yet more to my annoyance; but go I must, for I was the only one in authority, and, as the offence was serious, the punishment must be severe. Mutiny at sea, like desertion in the army in time of war, is punishable with death, and mutiny in port is little better. At sea, the captain has the power; in port, only the consul. Further leniency would have been unkindness, and I resolved to make short work of them. I sent on board one of our men-of-war (as was my right) for a boat and a file of marines. All at the table expressed a desire to see the discipline; and we all—my marshal, deputy-marshal, and marines as well—went off to the ship. I at once ordered all hands to be called aft. They stood in line, and, in answer to the question as to whether they would “Get up anchor?” I got a chorus of “Noes.” I called for the crew-list, and summoned the first man to the poop-deck. “Will you get up anchor?” said I. “No!” he replied. “Marshal, put him astride the spanker-boom, tie his feet together and his arms out horizontally.” All started a step forward, as if to interfere. “Sergeant,” said I, “shoot the first man who touches the poop ladder before he is called.” This was an entertainment they had not looked for, and all stood where they were. The next man called also refused, and he was tied “spread-eagle” athwart the whale-boat, but with the oars for his mattress. The next was tied “spread-eagle” in the shrouds, and in such a way that

when he eased his feet, the stress would come on his wrists. One of these courses was pursued with each man, as he refused duty, in every case seeing that they were warmly clothed. By eleven o'clock all were disposed about the ship in positions not hurtful, but thoroughly uncomfortable. Fancy riding a spanker-boom twice the size of your arm, with your arms tied out horizontally ! The first half-hour is not so bad ; but the next, and the next——: it is agony ! “ Now, my men,” said I, “ I have done all I could, by investigation, to satisfy you ; but as you wouldn't be content with *that*, see how you like *this*. There is a point at which forbearance ceases to be a virtue. I have reached that point. You have made a contract ; and there being no good reason against it, you *must* carry it out. You can't get the better of the law, with a navy behind it ; and the sooner you come to that conclusion, the better for yourselves. Think it over, and I will come off in the morning, and see how you get on.” This was more than they had bargained for, and the prospect of stopping all night in these situations was fearful to contemplate. Some swore until all was blue ; some cried, and others promised to come back to Japan solely to kill me. Off I went, however, in spite of curses, prayers, and protestations. They didn't know that I left the deputy-marshal and two marines to let them down, after half-an-hour, under promise to “ Get up anchor,” and with instructions to see them as far as the light-ship. As I expected, they succumbed after a very short time ; the anchor was weighed, and before daylight they were out of sight.

Nearly all or many of the officials and gentlemen in Japan kept racing ponies, and I was no exception. Having ridden a Japanese pony to victory, my appetite was whetted for more opponents to conquer, hence I was not loth to consent to make one of thirteen gentlemen who proposed to import as many Chinese ponies direct from Tartary. Chinese ponies are larger and stronger than Japanese ponies, hence make better racers. The agreement was, that all should pay an equal thirteenth part of the expenses, and that upon arrival of the ponies, numbers from one to thirteen inclusive should be put into a hat, and each should take his choice of ponies according to the number drawn by him. I was upon the Race Committee, and unfortunately, during the three months which elapsed before the arrival of the ponies, there arose a dispute between another member of the committee and myself, because of information which led me to believe that he had used unfair means to learn the secrets of opposition stables. The proof was only circumstantial, but so convinced were others and myself of the truth of the charge, that I refused to serve on the committee with him, and resigned.

This raised two parties in the club, those believing the reports, being with me, and those disbelieving them, with him.

The feeling waxed stronger and stronger, until on both sides there was little less than hatred. At this juncture, the ponies arrived; a notice of the time and place for drawing was sent, and the hour arrived. I was

unavoidably detained at court, for a little time and instead of politely granting my jockey's request and waiting a few moments, the angered oppositionists saw a good opportunity of giving me a cut; so standing upon their rights, declined to wait an instant.

The thirteen numbers were put into the hat, and twelve drawn out, when lo and behold! it was found that No. 1 was still left, and that with all their greed and unfairness, I had first choice. My jockey rushed to meet me with the news, and the time we took in scrutinizing the ponies and considering our choice, was not as modest as might or would otherwise have been.

As the training advanced, the jockey and I became convinced that if not the very best pony, ours would turn out among the best; in fact we believed him the *very best*. Time came for entering the ponies, when the name, and colors as well, must be given.

Two bigoted opposition members of the committee had endeavoured to introduce a national feature into the controversy, and knowing that it would agitate their narrow minds more than anything else, my jockey, although an Englishman, insisted that the pony should be named "Yankee Doodle," and that the colors should be "Stars and Stripes." I objected at first, but after receiving a private explanation of his plans, I consented, and so it was given in. The two bigots first proposed to reject the entry altogether, so exasperated were they; but the fair minded members put a veto upon that at once, and entered "Yankee Doodle" was, in six or eight races. Not content with the ire he had already engendered, my mischievous jockey (gentleman jockey, as none others could ride), gave it out at dinners and the club, that he should appear in a suit made of an old American flag, after the true Brother Jonathan style, white hat and all; in fact he managed, as if by mistake,

that one of the fiercest opposition partisans should see the old flag in the hands of the tailor. This set all the combustible matter remaining in their compositions, into a full blaze. "It is trifling with the club!" "It is against all reason; in fact is an insult!" "The pony shan't be started!" &c., &c., were the expressions which were freely used. Several friends came to reason with me, but I replied that Mr. Abbott had been so kind in selecting, training and riding the pony, that I neither had, nor should, interfere with his wishes. His only reply to them, was a laugh, a joke, or a little chaff; and so matters went, until the day of the races. The first race of the first day, was to be made up of those thirteen "griffins," as they were called, and was to be run at one o'clock. True to his word, Abbott issued from our stable at about half-past twelve, arrayed in just such a suit as he had indicated. Tall white hat, large shirt collar, swallow tailed coat, trousers made from an old flag, and six inches too short for him, straps passing from these trousers under his boots, while in his hand was a green cotton umbrella.

Such a shout as went up! He walked about as if doing nothing unusual—asked all sorts of questions of the two irate committee men—and when one of them (the starter), suggested in language more forcible than polite, that he would'nt start the pony, Abbott, for the first time, allowed himself to be drawn and replied—"We all know you are not clever, you are accused of sometimes forgetting that you are a gentleman, and it is patent that you have been made a dupe and a tool of by those cleverer than yourself; but take my advice and don't make a bigger fool of yourself by getting legally as well as morally in the wrong. I neither have violated nor do I intend to violate any rules or requirements of the race club; the pony is entered and paid for in the regular way, *he*



*shall run*, and refuse to start him at your peril. I advise you, and those to whom you are todaying, to think twice. Before half an hour is over, you will be the laughing stock of the whole place, and be looking for a pocket to put your heads into." Abbott walked about the paddock and grand stand talking and laughing with his friends, as if nothing had happened, until the saddling bell rang, when we both strolled quietly to the stables, the target of all eyes, as every one had taken one side or the other. The climax was nearly reached, and another ten minutes would develop the outcome of all the threats! I stepped out to draw for places and found only "13" left in the hat. This meant that my pony was the outside one of the whole lot, and although I confess I asked myself whether or not there had been sharp practice, still I displayed no astonishment nor displeasure. Going back to the stable I informed Abbott of his position, when he laughed and said, "Shallow fools, I'll pass them all going up the rise and win in a 'canter.'" The last bell rang and the ponies began to take their places. We delayed as long as possible in order to have the paddock clear, but at the last moment, just when all eyes were turned towards our stable, and when not another instant was to be lost, the bamboo partition was drawn on one side and out rode Abbott, in by far the most beautiful colours on the course. "Stars and Stripes" they were to be sure, but the "stars" were of silver on a blue silk cap, and the narrow red and white "stripes" composed the silk jacket.

This was Abbott's secret and completely had it been kept. Such shouts and hurrahs as arose were almost deafening. Ladies waved their handkerchiefs and men their hats. A groan went up when it was seen that Yankee Doodle had the outside place, but Abbott's merry reassuring laugh, made all pleasant again. He took his place a little in the rear of the other ponies, and upon

invitation from the starter to "come up," he replied, "Dont mind me, I'll take care of myself." And so he did. As predicted, he passed the whole twelve at the hill, and won in a canter, with his whip in his teeth, and the bridle on the pony's neck. A rush was made for him, and as soon as he was weighed, the crowd took us both upon their shoulders, and carried us to the Grand stand, to receive the cup.

Abbott had kept his word. He had "appeared" in the striking suit, (he never said he would *ride* in it,) he had ridden in "stars and stripes," and had won in a canter. After that we had everything our own way, races, sympathy, encouragement and all. The pony turned out to be a wonder; and although weighted more and more each race, he won five times in three days—won every race in which he started. The Committeemen looked fearfully ashamed, and really acted as if they were seeking, as Abbott said, for a pocket into which to put their heads.

Their bias had also led them into giving long odds against my pony, and in addition to losing their temper and their prestige, they lost not a little of their money.

When leave of absence was granted to our Minister in Japan, Mr. De Long, the Department of State advised him, that the President had appointed me Chargé d'Affaires. His duty therefore was to introduce me as such to the Mikado, the Japanese Ministers for Foreign Affairs, and the Ambassadors from other countries. I knew personally all the ministers with the exception of the Italian and the Austrian, each of whom had but just arrived, the latter being the guest of the former. In paying our calls of farewell and introduction respectively, we found these gentlemen from home, and Mr. De Long sailed without my having seen either of them. The following day they called at my legation, and in turn found me away. A Ministerial Conference was to be held in a few days, and, to the end that I might not meet them there for the first time, the day following I called again at the Italian legation, and entrusted cards to the servant for both ministers. I was shown into the drawing room, and in a moment Count Fè d'Ostiani, the Italian Minister, appeared at the door, gave a disappointed, formal salute, and passed on to the verandah. I should perhaps have said that I looked younger than usual, because of having shaved my moustache and beard entirely off.

In a moment he returned to the drawing room, my card in his hand, evidently without dreaming that

I was the United States Chargé d'Affaires, but thinking that by some mistake that official had gone. He bowed stiffly and said in broken English,

"Do you wish to see me?"

I had done my duty, so thought I would enjoy the joke and let him find his mistake.

"If I have the pleasure of speaking to Count Fè, I do," I replied.

"Yes, I am Count Fè."

A moment's silence, for I was determined he should make all the conversation.

"Did you wish to see me on ze business?"

"No, M. le Count, my visit is a complimentary one."

"Oh!" ejaculated the Count.

Another awkward silence, during which the Austrian Minister came in, but concluding he had no interest in the visit, walked quickly to the back of the drawing-room, and stood looking out upon the lawn.

"Are you Anglais?"

"No, but my ancestors were."

"Do you engage in ze merchant business?"

"No, the officers of my government are not allowed to do business."

"Oh! you are ze government officer?"

"Yes." (another silence).

"In ze navy?"

"No."

"In ze consulat?"

"Formerly, but now in the legation."

"Oh! ze secretaire?"

"No."

"Oh!" (Long silence.)

"M. le Count," said I, "is not that gentleman Baron Calice, the Austrian Minister?"

"Oui, zat is ze Baron Calice."

"Would you kindly present me to him?"

"Certainment, monsieur. What name shall I say?"

"You are holding my cards, M. le Count."

He threw up his arms and ejaculated—"Mon dieu! Mon dieu! Pardon! Pardon!—Monsieur Shepar?"

"It is," said I.

He seized my hands and repeated his ejaculations over and over again. The Baron rushed from the back of the drawing-room and joined in the protestations. Explanations and apologies were made, as only a continental can make them; but neither M. le Count nor M. le Baron heard the last of "Do you engage in ze merchant business?" so long as they remained in Japan.

*Apropos* of how shaving changes me, I will tell you how I once *didn't* get my head broken.

The consulate in Yokohama was a large pleasant house with wide verandahs, and a favourite rendezvous for the naval officers whose ships were lying in the harbour. I had a full beard, and the officers in the station knew me only with it. The day I had determined to have it off, several of the naval officers dropped in, and I conceived the idea of a "sell." To this end, I took them to the club close at hand, and left them playing billiards, saying I would be back in an hour. I went to my room where the Chinese barber was waiting, and had my face "mowed" as clean as possible. I then changed my dress and returned to the club. As I sauntered into the billiard room, every one looked up, but no one recognised me. I stood about the table where they were playing, and, as if by accident, got in the way of Lieut. Commander H——'s cue. It spoiled his stroke, but I begged pardon, which made all right. I soon ruined a stroke for the other player, apologized, and the apology was accepted, but with an evidently poor grace. I waited my chance, lost another stroke for H——, but again humbly apologized. This was too much for his patience, and with adjectives more forcible than godly, he exclaimed, "My friend, if you do that again I'll break your head." I laughed heartily in my *natural* way, which called forth from another of the fellows the exclamation, "Hang me if it is'nt Shepard!"

To evince a sign of surprise or astonishment is contrary to the instincts and education of a Japanese, and ignorance of foreign customs and manners is a thing by no means to be admitted ; but in the very effort to appear entirely at ease and "to the manor born," they often make their ignorance laughably apparent. One instance of this kind I particularly remember. My official position brought with it much entertaining, and not unfrequently were the officers of the government among my guests. The occasion of which I am about to speak was that of a dinner party given by me in honour of a privy councillor ; and, besides four Japanese guests, there were present several members of the diplomatic body. It was evident, from a few little eccentricities, that the guest of the evening was, for the first time, in a foreign drawing-room, and I confess to a few anxieties on his account ; but so successfully did our hero attain his proper place at the table, that I put him down as possessing a peculiar aptitude for foreign etiquette, or as having received a salutary amount of "coaching." The soup was taken with a nonchalance which would have done credit to a Beau Brummel, and the fish caused him no more trouble ; but in the next course, he was destined to encounter a detail not covered by his instructions.

In passing him the castor, the servant had introduced to our statesman an unexpected and perplexing-

feature; but nothing in the official countenance betrayed a recognition of the fact. The condiments, he was convinced, were to be partaken of; but to what extent, or in what manner, was a conundrum which it would never do to evince the slightest hesitation in guessing. With the utmost *sang froid*, he helped himself liberally to the *mustard*, that happening to be nearest his hand. I saw and trembled. It required no foresight to predict what surprise was in store for his stomach, nor prophetic powers to divine what effect the condiment was likely to have upon his nervous system; nevertheless, I knew that to speak would be but to wound his pride, and I could only breathlessly await developments. I was not long kept in suspense. Effect followed cause with very little delay. Of the half-teaspoonful to which he had assisted himself, nearly the whole found its way almost immediately to his mouth. I remembered, from youthful experience, the effect of a mustard plaister upon the surface of the body; and a speculation as to its probable result upon the inner man, sent cold chills chasing each other from my scalp to my heels. I hastily decided upon a course of action when my guest should spring distracted from the table, which he was sure the next instant to do. The muscles of my body contracted in anticipation, and I was unconsciously in the act of rising. Involuntarily, I seized the arms of my chair, and in my mind's eye, saw the scene which must follow. But I might have saved myself all anxiety. Not a ripple disturbed his placid countenance. The face of the philosopher was as calm and peaceful as a summer's eve. Not a muscle moved, not a nerve twitched. Perhaps his eyes did open a little wider, as his hands



relaxed their hold upon knife and fork, but nothing more. Only by a few tears, which fell unobserved from his motionless eyes, did he betray the warmth of feeling which agitated his physical economy; and in an instant afterwards, before I had fairly resumed interrupted respiration, his Excellency turned to me and asked in the blandest manner possible, what effect I thought the assuming of the sceptre by the young Emperor of China was likely to have upon the government of that country. What my reply was I have not the slightest idea, for "still I gazed, and still the wonder grew."

It was a practice in Japan to keep open house—to leave wines and liquors upon the side board for any friend who might happen to drop in when the gentleman of the house was out—and of this free and easy custom the servants not unfrequently took undue advantage, by helping themselves liberally to whatever tipples most suited their fancy.

My side board had suffered long and heavily, and, with an eye to economy, I consulted the doctor for a remedy.

The conference resulted in his giving me something to mix with the wines and liquors which, he casually remarked, would “leave no bile on their stomachs.” *He was right!*—I introduced the prescription into all the decanters just after breakfast, and when lunch time came I was obliged to press the cook in to lay the table, and the gardener in to wait upon it. The thoughts of the other servants were turned *inward* at the immediate and forcible prospect of their *inwards* being turned *outward*. I am bound to admit, however, that their gestures were more spasmodic than graceful; but I maintain that their activity was most remarkable, energetic and persevering. When able to stand, they were all drawn up in line, and a more bleached-out, sheepish, woe-begone appearing half-dozen you have never seen. I first looked at them, and then at a decanter held between my eyes and the light. The moral was too patent, the effect of the medicine too recent and *moving*, to require comment.

My friends and myself were allowed to do *all* the subsequent drinking, and whenever afterwards the servants were obliged to pass the wine, it seemed to me they held it as far away from their organs of digestion as possible.

You have heard, no doubt, of most awkward situations arising from comments passed by one person, upon the appearance and face of a stranger.

Well, *I* once "put my foot into it" as thoroughly as one well could, and it taught me a lesson I shall never forget.

One of my warmest personal friends in Japan was a European, at whose bungalow I was a frequent and, I believe, welcome visitor.

One evening, at dinner, he said to me, "Shepard, my mother and sister have often wanted to visit me, and I have to-day written them to come. I suppose they will arrive in about six months, when I shall expect you to help me to entertain them."

I expressed my delight at the arrangement, and, from time to time, it was mentioned; but I took no note of the date of their probable arrival.

The charge of the legation came upon me, and I had little time for visiting; hence, saw my friend much less frequently than usual and the fact that his mother and sister were coming had entirely gone out of my mind. The English Chargé d'Affaires gave a ball, and, owing to the arrival of the mail steamer that day, and also because of some other engrossing matters, I did not reach the British legation until fully eleven o'clock. As I entered, the Chargé seized me with :—

"Oh! Shepard, we want you to fill a set. Come along."

I was introduced to a *tall, ugly* lady, whose name I did not catch, and through the dance we went. I wasn't pleased with her appearance, so didn't take the trouble to talk, and after the dance was finished, I seated her, expressed my thanks, and, being very tired, sought the refreshment room for a glass of wine. There I found my friend, who said :—

"You are awfully late, Shepard! I have been watching for you; my mother and sister arrived to-day, and I want to present you to them.

"Delighted," said I, "only let me get a glass of champagne."

We got our wine, and off we started. The ball-room was a large one, with two doors for entrance. As we neared one I spied my partner, and, without a thought, said :—

"Let's go the other way. I've just danced with the ugliest female I ever saw: the one sitting there by the door, and I don't want to run into her again; W—— introduced me to her as a joke, I think."

"Which one," said he.

"That one in pink," I replied.

"*That*," said he, "*is my sister!*"

Good heavens! How I felt! We looked at each other an instant; but, like the boy caught sucking eggs, I'd nothing to say. As soon as I had recovered myself, I spoke :—

"——, words cannot express my mortification and regret. I had no *reason* for saying what I did. There is no excuse for it, and I offer you the humblest of humble apologies: I can do no more."

For a moment he stood speechless ; then, taking my arm as if for a sudden resolve, the noble fellow said :—

“Shepard, you *couldn't* have meant what you said. You wouldn't have said it if you had *known* her, or *known who she was*. My sister is *not* handsome ; but she has something *better than good looks—she has a mind*. You *shall know and like her*. Let this matter never be referred to, by *word* or *look*. I forgive and forget it ; for you are too good a fellow, and we are too good friends, to break for a foolish word. Let's have a glass of wine.”

I did “know and like” her. She was a refined, accomplished woman ; and although her brother and I were as good friends as ever, and although we often talked of them after they were gone, not the slightest reference was ever made to my *faux pas*. He is now in Europe, and I have seen him since I came abroad.

Let my experience be a warning to you !

If I ever had a “diplomatic success” it was in the matter of the Mikado’s reception of foreign representatives, and as the *New York Tribune* correspondent told the story at the time, I cannot do better than reproduce his version of the affair. It was as follows:—

“A few weeks ago the new ——— Chargé d’Affaires arrived in Yedo, and after presenting his credentials at the Foreign Office, announced his readiness to be received in proper state by the Mikado. He was informed that the usual interview would be granted him at any time which should suit his convenience. He replied, however, that the “usual” interview was not precisely what he desired. He had heard that the custom of the Emperor had hitherto been to remain seated during the presentation of foreign delegates. This practice he considered to be at variance with the established etiquette of European courts, and whatever his predecessors might have submitted to, he was resolved to exact the same recognition as that to which he had been accustomed in other parts of the world.

In other words, if the Mikado was unwilling to receive him standing, he would not be received at all. In answer to this it was represented to him that the forms of European courtesy were probably determined according to the individual opinions of each government, and not regulated by any combination or mutual understanding among them; that various disagreements had often been known to occur on these points, and that still wider divergences obviously existed between the

rules of Oriental and Western nations. The covering of the head, which is an essential formality of high ceremonies in Japan, was cited as an example. For details of this kind, however, Mr. W—— appeared to care but little. He took his stand on the question of the Mikado's attitude, and from that he would not swerve. The Japanese on their side were equally immovable, and the first result was that the new Envoy returned to Yokohama with a direct rebuff. There he sought counsel with the representatives of ———, ———, and the United States, the two former of which, it is said, he succeeded in inducing to share his views and to support his claims. Mr. Shepard the United States Chargé held a different opinion, and declined to join in any dictation or even remonstrance on such a subject. When the day arrived upon which it had been intended that Mr. W——'s presentation should take place, that gentleman did not appear, and the ceremony remained unperformed.

But about this time it became necessary to make arrangements for the reception of the United States Admiral, Jenkins, who recently arrived here to take command of the Pacific squadron. It was evident that the officers of the Japanese Foreign Department approached the matter with some embarrassment. They had received intimation of the intention of the ——— ———— Envoys to sustain the pretensions of the ———— Chargé but were uncertain as to what course our representative would pursue. They appeared greatly relieved on learning that he had no idea of opening the question at all, and that he fully recognised the right of the Sovereign to regulate the receptions by any reasonable rules which seemed to

him suitable or convenient. He went even further and admitted that a *Chargé d'Affaires* had no right, diplomatically speaking, to demand an audience of the Sovereign—only a reception by the Minister of Foreign Affairs. At the same time Mr. Shepard suggested that if it should appear in any way desirable to the Japanese to propose on their own part a deviation from the established usage, he should be happy to co-operate with them. In this way it would be possible for them to avoid the appearance of being coerced, and to introduce the change ostensibly of their own accord. This, it will easily be seen, was simply a repetition in a smaller way of the diplomatic method practiced with such complete success by Mr. Townsend Harris many years ago, when he secured in a similar manner all the treaty advantages which France and England had been prepared to exact by force. Mr. Shepard received no immediate reply to his suggestion, and it was wholly uncertain what action would be taken until the day fixed for the admiral's visit, when, after the arrival of the American party within the castle grounds, they were informed that his Majesty had decided to offer the representatives of the United States the special compliment of welcoming them standing, a mark of consideration which he had offered to no other nation. In this way, therefore, the ceremony was fulfilled, and the barrier having thus been removed, no further difficulty remains, so far as the interviews of representatives of other countries are concerned. Mr. Shepard cannot be given too much credit for this renewed evidence of his diplomatic skill, good sense, and courteous consideration."



Another diplomatic act brought me much commendation—that in connection with the Peruvian coolie ship, the “Maria Luz.” Not only was my action warmly approved by the home government, but letters of thanks were sent me from both the Japanese and Chinese ministers, in fact I was officially placarded all through the south of China as having “brought about the liberation of 300 loyal subjects of Tungche from the miseries of slavery.”

Peru had no treaty with Japan, but by instructions from Washington, the representatives of the United States, both diplomatic and consular, were made representatives for Peru and the Sandwich Islands. On August 12th, 1872, a messenger came to say that a Peruvian ship had arrived and desired to “enter” at the Consulate ; at the same time, however, Mr. Mitchell, the Vice-Consul in charge, communicated his suspicions that she was a “coolie ship.”

I ordered that the facts be ascertained and the captain referred to me. To the legation he at once came, and with him a note from Mr. Mitchell, saying that the ship was almost surely loaded with coolies. Then followed about the following dialogue:—

“Captain Hereiro, where are you bound?”

“Callao, Sir.”

“Where from?”

“China.”

“What port in China?”

“Macao.” (Rather hesitatingly).

"What have you on board, captain?"

"Provisions, rice, hemp and a few other things."

These articles mentioned were merely necessary ship's stores, and I could see that he was trying to steer clear of the coolies, which, of course, only the more confirmed me in my suspicions.

"Any passengers, captain?"

"Oh! yes, a few."

"What nationality are they?"

"Mostly Chinese."

"Are any of them on shore?"

"No, I think not."

"Don't you *know* not, captain?"

"Well, yes, I think I do."

"Should you prevent them coming on shore?"

"Yes, I should, because you see I am bound to deliver them in Callao."

"Captain," said I, "let us make this matter short and plain. You have *Coolies* on board, have you not, and Coolies only? You get so much per head *if delivered* in Callao. You don't allow them to follow their own wishes, but they must obey your will. In short they are slaves, not passengers. I have heard all about it. Can you deny these statements to be facts?" He could not, though he tried to explain them away; but all this revealed his true standing the more plainly.

"Captain," said I, "I am instructed to give aid and assistance to your countrymen, whenever in so doing I am not violating the laws of my own country, or the instructions of my own Government. To give *you* aid would be to violate both, and as the least said about your occupation is the best, I will simply decline all and any aid, and I further advise you to get out of this port within twenty-four hours. Be wise and take my advice, or bear the consequences."

He protested—in fact he was rather impudent—and asked me if I dared put upon paper, such an *unfriendly* answer to a *friendly* government. In five minutes he had the following :

“ UNITED STATES LEGATION,  
YOKOHAMA, AUGUST 12TH, 1872.

Capt. Hereiro,  
Peruvian Barque, ‘ Maria Luz.’  
Captain,

In reply to your application for aid, protection and assistance, I regret to say, that as the occupation in which you are engaged, (the coolie trade), is against the laws of heaven, the statutes of my country, the enactments of all civilized governments and the dictates of my own conscience, I must unhesitatingly and unreservedly *decline* to give you my diplomatic or consular name, aid, or seal, in any form or manner whatsoever.

‘ Yours truly,’

(Signed) ‘ C. O. S.’

‘ Chargé d’ Affaires.’ ”

Naturally he was not pleased, and naturally he did not prolong his stay at the Legation. I at once advised the Japanese Government of his character and his application, giving them a copy of my answer, and at the same time asking them to see if it was not their duty, in the name of humanity, to take charge of the ship full of Coolies.

They did so see, and within forty-eight hours, the Captain was under arrest, the ship in charge of the Japanese, and the Coolies on shore. To give the details of the trial and punishment of the Captain, the confiscation of the ship, the correspondence with the Chinese Government, and the coming of the latter's commissioners to take the Coolies back to China, would be uninteresting. Suffice it to say that all these things came about.

One incident of personal interest I must relate, however. During the trial of Captain Hereiro, Mr. De Long returned from his leave of absence, as I supposed, the same warm earnest friend as when he left. A few hours, however, developed the contrary; nor did he attempt to conceal his jealousy, hatred, and suspicion. Heaven knows there was no just foundation for his charge of unfaithfulness. He accused me of an effort to supplant him, and nothing would convince him to the contrary. Hard words followed, and all social intercourse ceased.

He wished to do something to spite me, so at once went to see Captain Hereiro, expressed his regret at what I had done, and offered counsel and aid.

I had reported my action to Washington the moment I had taken it, and a month later, De Long reported his reverse acts and opinions.

To my report came about the following:—

“DEPARTMENT OF STATE,

WASHINGTON, SEPTEMBER 25TH, 1872.

C. O. S., Esq.,  
&c., &c., &c.

Sir,

Your action in the matter of the Peruvian Coolie ship, Maria Luz, as reported, is most heartily approved.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

(Signed) HAMILTON FISH.”

To Mr. De Long, came about the following:—

“DEPARTMENT OF STATE,

WASHINGTON, OCTOBER 28TH, 1872.

C. E. De Long, Esq.,  
&c., &c., &c.

Sir,

It is with profound astonishment and regret, that the Department has received your reported action in the matter of the “Maria Luz.” I am at a loss to under-

stand how you can so misinterpret and misconstrue the laws of your country and the sentiments of her people. You will at once withdraw all aid from the Peruvian Captain, and advise His Majesty's Ministers of the tenor of this instruction.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

*(Signed)* HAMILTON FISH."

Mr. De Long was soon after recalled. The Peruvian Government sent an Ambassador to claim damages from the Japanese Government, which they declined to pay; but an agreement was finally made for a reference to the Czar of Russia, and a year or two ago His Majesty decided in favour of the Japanese, in all points. Of course, this decision was most pleasing personally.

I returned to Japan after my leave of absence in 1874, by the way of the West Indies and Panama. Glancing over the list of passengers the first day out, I saw "Colonel Philip Clayton, United States Consul at Callao," stretching itself half way across the sheet.

I knew that names and titles were printed as given by the passengers themselves, and that by writing himself down a "Colonel" and a "United States Consul," he had also written himself down an ass. I therefore considered him legitimate game, and began to enquire him out. No one had seen him, but certain sounds issuing from his state room placed beyond a doubt, the fact that the ups and downs of the sea were agitating the official frame. Our Vice-Consul for Kingston, Jamaica, to whom I had been introduced in New York, was also on board, and I enquired of him as to the magnate. At first he could give me no information, but in three or four days, when the sea happened to be smooth, he rushed to me with the news that the consul had appeared. We went together, and he pointed out a man of about fifty, clad in a blue flannel suit, in which he had evidently been sleeping: no collar, in carpet slippers, and with tobacco juice running from the corners of his mouth, and down on to his shirt front. That was the "Colonel," and "Consul!" Later in the day, when Clayton was alone, I ventured to remark to him,

Before taking charge of the consulate at Leeds, I visited London, for the purpose of "doing" its places of interest.

That finished, I returned to Leeds; of course the whole route was new to me, and there being two pleasant talkative gentlemen in the carriage, I asked them many questions concerning the towns and counties through which we were passing. They answered very politely, but with evident astonishment. Finally one of them said—"Can it be the first time you have been in this part of England?" I replied that it was—that in fact I had only been in England ten days.

"But are you not an Englishman?"

"Oh, no."

"Then you were born in one of the colonies I suppose?"

"No, indeed," said I.

"Well, certainly, you speak the language perfectly. You look something like a Frenchman, but you have no accent. You can't be a German?"

"No," said I, "But can't you tell what countryman I am? Your people say they can distinguish us as far as they can see or hear. I'm sorry if I conceal my nationality."

No, he couldn't tell, unless I might be an Irishman.

"Why," said I, "I'm a Yankee!"

"A Yankee! But you don't speak through your nose."

"It is extraordinary," said I, "that you Dutchmen get such queer ideas of us."

"I'm not a Dutchman," said he, "I'm an Englishman. What made you think I was'nt?"

"Why? because you dont drop your h's," I replied.

"Oh," said he, "*educated* English gentlemen don't drop their h's."

"No more," said I, "do *educated* American gentlemen talk through their noses."



When I first came to England, I wished, of course, to study its institutions and peculiarities. Its horse races being decidedly one great feature, I went in for them. One of the first events was at York; and to York I went. The grand stand was the place to see and be seen, and hence for that place I purchased a ticket. Between the races I amused myself by looking down into the paddock and watching the drift of the betting. After two or three races were over, I heard the cry of "Welshman" raised; and towards this poor, unfortunate person everyone rushed. Whoever could get near enough gave him a kick or a cuff, and by the time the policeman had rescued him, Mr. Welshman was in a decidedly damaged condition. "Well," thought I, "this is an extraordinary state of things! England pretends to be free and civilised; and notwithstanding that, a subject from one part of the kingdom can't go to another to enjoy a race, without being singled out and ill-treated!" I had heard of the oppression of Irishmen; but I never had heard that a prejudice existed against Welshmen. Another race or two followed, and another poor Welshman was discovered, beaten, and removed. "This is outrageous," thought I, "for a civilised country. I'll make a mental note, and confront some conceited Englishman with the barbarity of his countrymen, when opportunity occurs." Before the races were finished, a *third* Welsh-

man was discovered, and beaten most cruelly. "For shame! for shame! fair England," thought I; and, full of indignation, wended my way back to Leeds. Mr. Ward, my vice-consul's father, being an English gentleman of the old school, naturally considered Great Britain the foremost kingdom on the globe, and not unfrequently formulated his opinion to that effect. "Ah!" said I to myself, rubbing my hands, "I'll give you a hard pill to swallow, Mr. Ward." The good gentleman frequently came into my office to smoke after lunch, and the next day I impatiently awaited his coming. He appeared at about the usual time, and I at once led the conversation up to the races. Finally, he caught at the bait. By the way, Mr. Shepard, how did you enjoy the races?" said he. "*Pretty* well, Mr. Ward," I replied; "but I must say I was astonished, to use no stronger expression, at one thing I saw." "What was that?" said he. Ah! here was my chance. "Well, Mr. Ward, I had always looked upon England as a land preëminent for justice and fair play. I had thought her free from those prejudices and persecutions which the conquered races of other countries suffer; but, yesterday, I saw something which made my blood run almost cold. A harmless, unoffending Welshman—in fact, three of them—had come to York to enjoy the races; and, although I saw them do nothing whatever, the moment they were espied, a cry was raised, and each fellow vied with every other fellow in giving them a kick or a blow. I consider it a shame! an inexcusable, brutal relic of barbarism! an outrage for which there can be no possible palliation!" I was surprised that instead of affecting him seriously, my accusation had quite the

contrary result. He laughed until I feared he would choke. The more I inveighed against British injustice the more he laughed. I was thoroughly annoyed, and thought of leaving the room because of his unfeeling mirth. I waited however, until he got breath, when he explained that it was *not* "Welshman" that I heard ; but "Welcher !" a species of gambler, who "*receives*" if he wins, but who *vanishes* if he loses. It was a good joke ! I laughed a sort of funereal laugh, however ; and was reluctantly obliged to confess that I had worked myself into a white-heat for nothing ; and that not only had I been sold, but the "Welcher" had suffered his deserts.

In the summer of 1875, I was making the tour of the English lakes, and one Saturday night found myself at Keswick. On going into the smoke room after dinner I saw about a dozen persons, among whom were a regular Yankee and a self-conceited Scotchman. They were monopolizing the conversation, and each evidently trying to make himself the autocrat of the evening. The Yankee was bragging about his country, and drawing invidious comparisons, while the Scotchman was taking him up at every point. Finally, the Yankee turned upon the American War, evidently thinking that *there* he should have it all his own way, as he had. Whew! what lies he told. As he became convinced that no one could contradict him he simply soared. He told of battles where dead men lay a dozen deep, of the exhilarating music, of officers leading their men with drawn swords, &c., &c., &c. All this, and the ignorant, unsoldierlike answers he made to questions, convinced me that he knew nothing of his subject, excepting what he had heard or read, and that he never had been in the army at all. He stopped from sheer inability to invent further, and the Scotchman, getting a chance, felt bound in his turn to tell some wonderful story which should match the Yankee. He began upon India, then went to China, and so on to Japan. I heard with astonishment of his taking a "Jap" by the "pig tail," of his ship going up to the "pier"

at Nagasaki, of the Japanese ladies' "small feet," &c., &c., and at once I knew he had'nt been there. Two liars surfeited me, and I set myself to bring them to grief. I began questioning the Yankee, and by pretending ignorance, got him to make all sorts of ridiculous statements and assertions. He mixed up dates, battles, and generals in a most delicious manner. Then I opened upon him. I told him he was a disgraceful impostor, a liar, and a fool; that he had neither a date nor a battle right; that he had western generals in the east, and eastern generals in the west; that he had never been in the army, and that he was a coward because he had'nt. The only thing he ventured was a mild "Are you an American?" I claimed that honor and he sloped.

The Scotchman rubbed his hands with delight, and loudly proclaimed that he *knew* the fellow was a liar. "Yes," said I, "and so are you; you never have seen Japan in your life. You speak of a 'pier' at Nagasaki, a 'pig tail,' and the 'small feet' of the Japanese women. There are no such things in Japan, and the next time you take to lying you had better be sure of your company." The fellow mumbled something and out he went amid the jeers and shouts of all present, who agreed that they had never seen such perfect collapses in their lives. Both were gone in the morning.

This is a very small world, and getting smaller every day. I am led to make this sage remark because of the peculiar frequency with which I run into persons whom I have met in quite other quarters of the globe. During the winter of 1875-6 I was in Rome, and a guest at the Costanzi Hotel. Upon looking over the register I spied the names of Peter A. Porter and Porter Norton, of Niagara Falls and Buffalo.

I sent my card to them, and we were soon in a most animated conversation.

Table d'hôte was at seven o'clock, and, naturally, we dined together. When hardly through with our soup, I became aware that people were taking seats opposite to us at table, and casually glancing in that direction, when whom should I behold but the Hon. Mrs. Low, the wife of our late Minister in China, whom I had met in China, and who, together with her husband, had been my guest in Yedo. A suppressed exclamation escaped us both simultaneously, and I soon found myself answering her question of ;—  
 “Where on earth do *you* come from, Mr. Shepard?”

At about nine o'clock that same eve, my friend le Comte de Turenne, formerly French Chargé d'Affaires in Japan, then first secretary of the Embassy to the

Pope, called by appointment, making the fourth renewal of acquaintance formed thousands of miles away. He took me to the opera, and at midnight I returned to the hotel full of thoughts of the nature I expressed at the outset. But a greater surprise was in store for me. I went to the billiard and smoking-room of the hotel (they being one and the same) to enjoy a cigar, where I found two Japanese playing billiards. We glanced at each other, and the thought that I had seen them before came across my mind ; still, I was not sure. I took a chair, lit a cigar, and was still ruminating upon the matter, when I heard one of them say to the other—"Shepa-son disca?" which means, "Is it not Mr. Shepard?" That was quite enough, and I advanced to them, saying, in Japanese, "Yes, I am Mr. Shepard ; I know I have seen you before, and if you were in Japanese dress I should know where ; but as you are not, will you be so kind as to refresh my memory?" They were the first and second secretaries of the Japanese Embassy, and one had been Vice-Governor of Yokohama when I was Consul ; while the other had acted as interpreter for me while searching for the bodies of the lost of the ill-fated "Oneida." That game of billiards went no further. We jabbered away in Japanese, entirely oblivious of the fact that the dozen others in the room were agape with wonder. We recalled a thousand and one things and persons, and when we parted, had no end of engagements for breakfasts and dinners together, which we enjoyed most thoroughly during my stay. After they were gone I returned to my cigar, but could not help knowing that I was the cynosure of all eyes, and soon one gentleman ventured

to ask—" May I make so bold as to enquire what language you were speaking?" I told him, and added that we were old friends in Japan, and that neither of us knew that the other was on that side of the globe. " Well," said he, " you speak the language better than a native." I was considered a great " swell " after that, so long as I stayed in the hotel.

An experience for one day, was it not ?



I once affected the Japanese language, however, with hardly so much success. It was on, or at the conclusion of that same trip, and, strange to say, in London. But I must preface. I had sailed in December, 1875, from London to Lisbon, and, hearing from the captain of the ship that the custom-house officers at the last-named place were very strict, I ransacked my memory for what few Portuguese, Spanish, and French words I knew, and by the time we had arrived in the harbour, I had ready for them a sentence which I contemplated with no little pride and complacency. On board came the officers, and up came the trunks. When the examiner approached mine I touched my hat, and, with a pleasant, self-satisfied, and confident smile launched my linguistic offspring. It didn't work ! The more I talked the more he clawed my baggage ; and finally, when he had finished, what I had carefully put at the *bottom*, he had carelessly left at the *top*. I blessed (if that is what they call it) him, not forgetting myself, and when I reached my hotel I was in anything but an amiable mood.

A good dinner with a bottle of wine mollified me wonderfully, and the ridiculous aspect of the affair began to present itself. I saw myself mixing words from their language, probably not one of which did I pronounce correctly, and probably not one of them appropriate to the place in which I placed it. I almost began to wonder that the man didn't confiscate the trunk, and mentally remarked, " I

might as well have spoken Japanese to him ; happy thought ! I will to the next fellow." At Cadiz I didn't take my trunk off, and at Gibraltar of course English was spoken, but when we got to Malaga I had my opportunity. As the custom-house officer approached, I simply unlocked my trunk, and stood on the defensive. He lifted the lid and looking at me said something in Spanish. "You miserable, greasy, ill-looking, onion eating idiot," said I in Japanese, 'what are you jabbering about ? You had much better go take a bath than be meddling with honest peoples' trunks. What ! do you suppose I would disgrace anything by bringing it into this God-forsaken, priest-ridden, treacherous country of yours ? Get out of this, you miserable, ill-begotten bandit ! Drop that lid you foul brigand." The fellow seemed pleased, for in place of examining my trunk he first gaped, then smiled, and next called a fellow robber to hear the "unknown tongue." "Well," thought I, "if the fellow likes that sort of thing I'll give him a little more."

So without a change of countenance I continued to abuse him, locking my trunk in the meanwhile, and by the time the officer had recovered his equilibrium I was in a cab and off to my hotel. This experience so encouraged me that I repeated the experiment at Naples and Palermo with entire success, and to the great amusement of some of my fellow passengers. On the continent I had simply to give my official card, and upon leaving Brussels for London, I took advantage of the privilege of booking my luggage through to Victoria Station, London, where it was to be examined instead of at Dover.

At Victoria Station I followed the porter who had my trunk, into the "examining-room," and after he had deposited it on the low counter, I sent him for a cab, more to have him out of the way than anything else, while I was playing my usual game, as I had been speaking English to him.

I then turned to my trunk in all confidence, unlocked it, and in answer to the examiner's question as to whether I had anything to declare, I ventured: "Sono katoba wakarumasen Nipon no katoba backary watakushi wakammasho." The fellow bent upon me a puzzled, quizical look, and after an instant gave vent to "Well! you have forgot your native tongue, quicker than any man I ever saw; just you try if you can't remember it as quick. I heard you talking all right to the porter just now, and if you don't make out pretty soon I'll turn this box of yours upside down."

"Oh! for heavens sake don't," said I, "I hav'nt a thing that's dutiable. I was only repeating a dodge which has saved me a lot of trouble on the continent, and I hope you won't be annoyed." "Continental dodges won't do here," he replied, "but if you will tell me what gibberish that was you were talking, and whether you have any spirits or tobacco, it will be all right." Inwardly bemoaning the British custom-house officer's lack of appreciation for the beauties of the Japanese language, I meekly complied with his request, and sneaking to the cab with my luggage, drove to my hotel a sadder if not a wiser man.









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